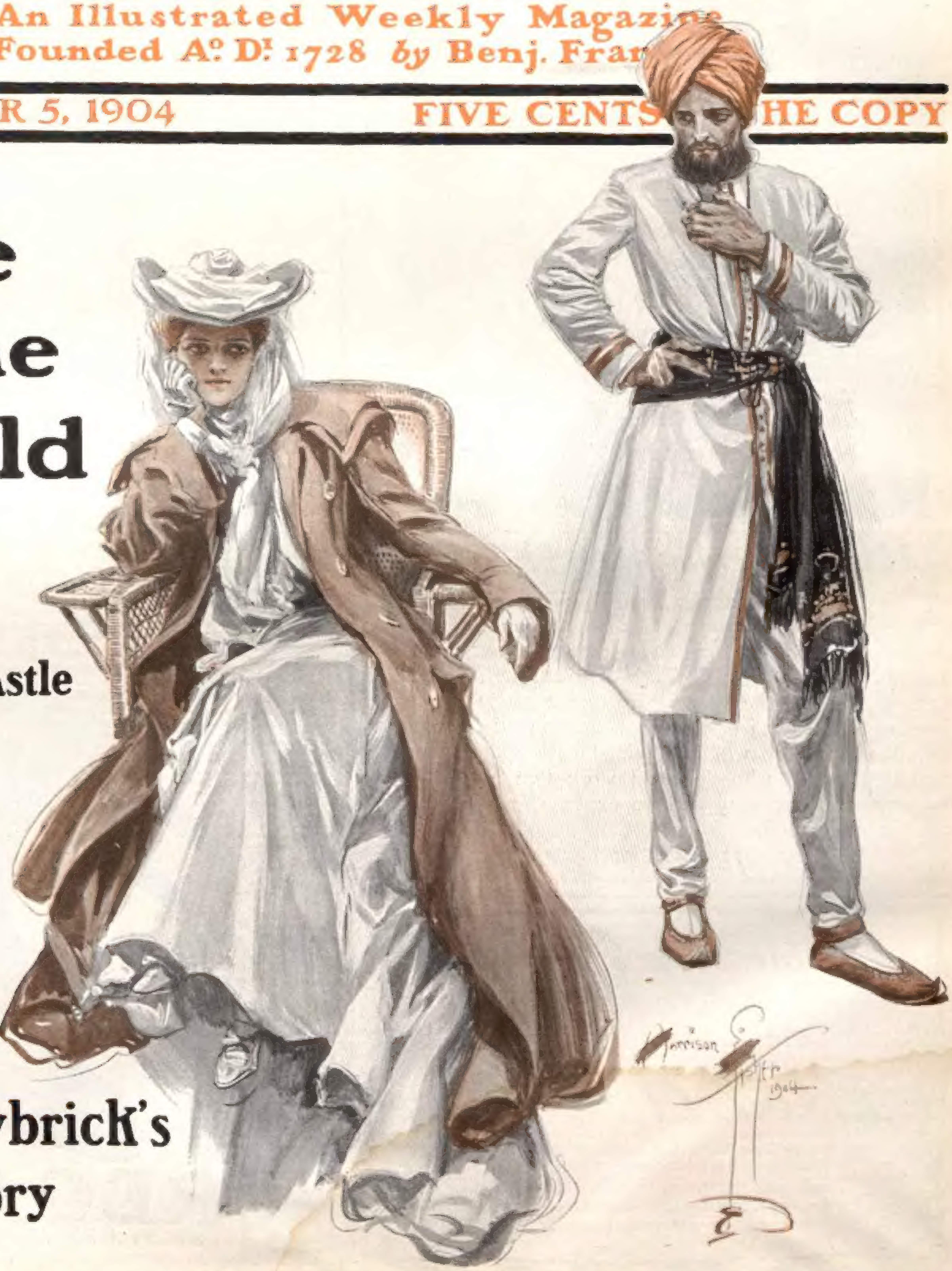
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Fra

NOVEMBER 5, 1904 FIVE CENTS HE COPY



Rose of the World

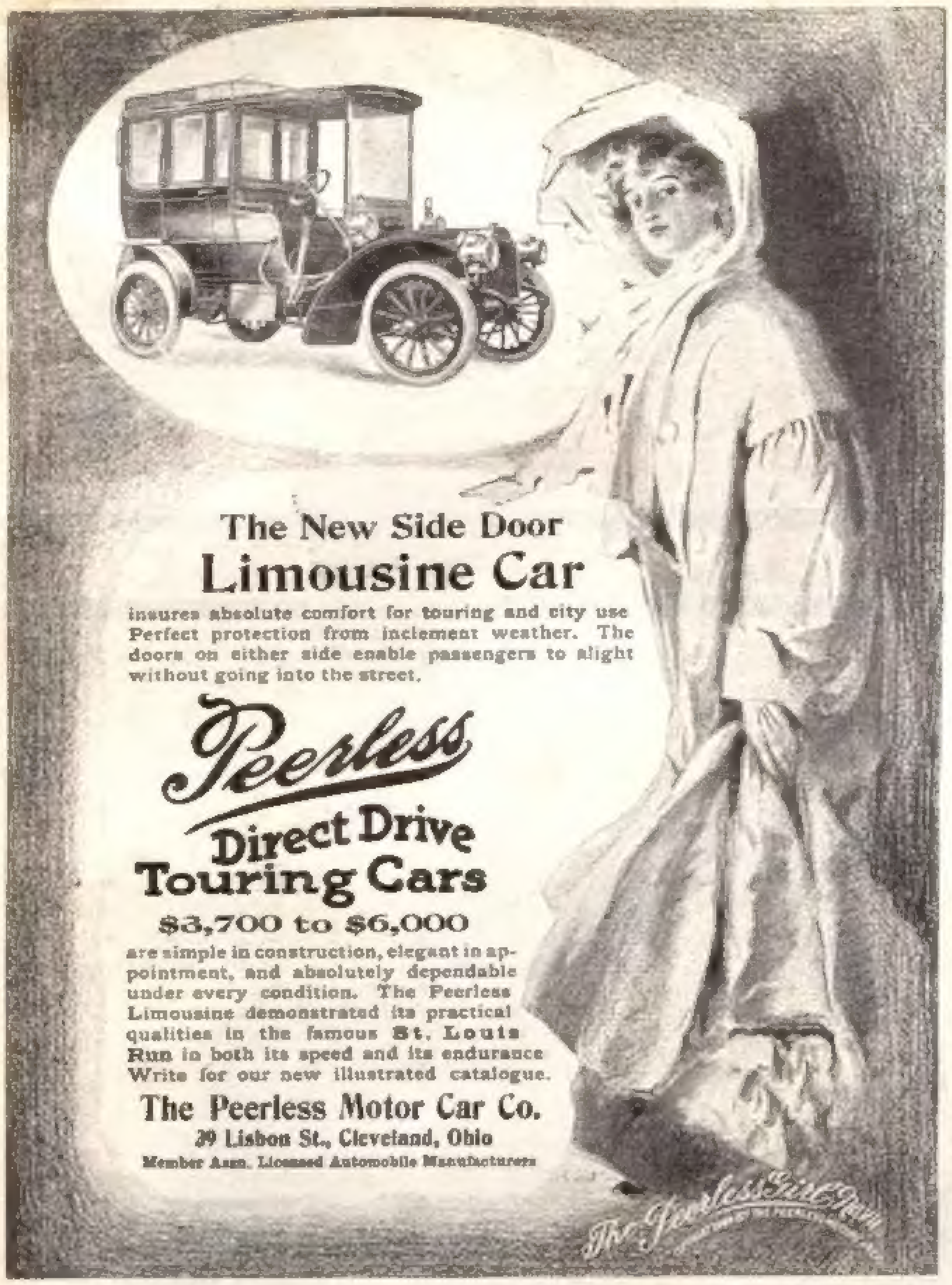
BY

Agnes and Egerton Castle

Beginning

Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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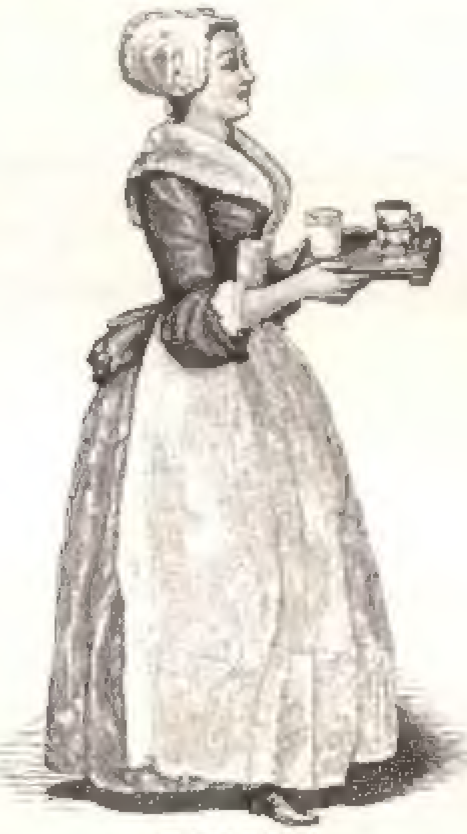
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A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick

A FOREWORD

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CARDINAL GIBBONS

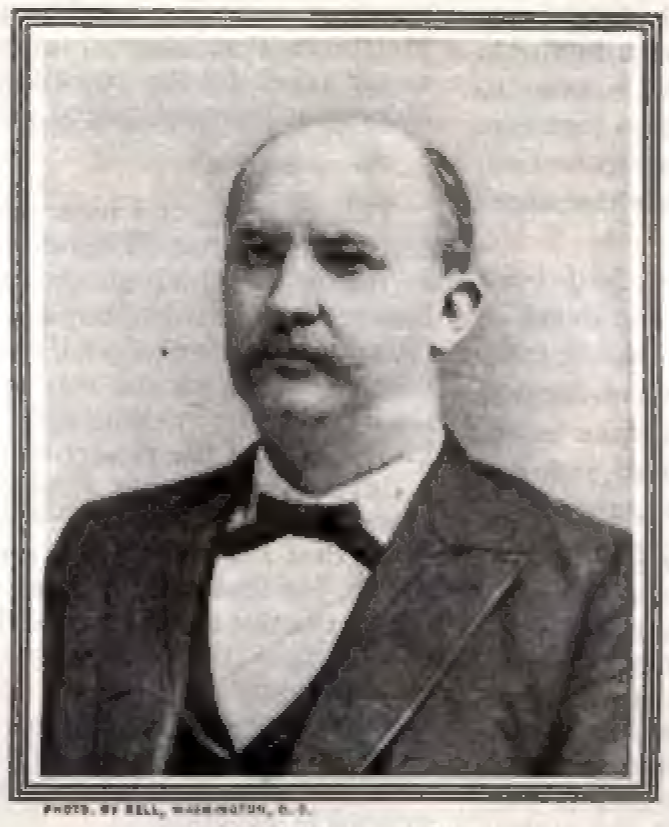
PHOTO. BY BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHARLES F. CRISP

PHOTO. BY BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JAMES G. BLAINE

THE jury's verdict of guilty was rendered on August 7, 1889. The evidence of the trial as well as the learned judge's "summing up" was reported almost verbatim in the English press. The result was that not only in Liverpool, but in almost every city, town and village, men and women of every class and grade of society simultaneously reached the same conclusion: that the verdict was erroneous; not founded upon evidence but upon the decidedly biased and misleading summing up of the case by an insane judge. Within a few days, my lawyers, Messrs. Cleaver & Co., of Liverpool, who had notified the press that they would supply forms of petition, were inundated with applications. For the first two days they issued 1000 a day, and I have authentic information to the effect that no less than 5000 petitions for a reprieve, representing nearly half a million signatures, were sent to the Home Secretary within the following ten days. In response to these the Home Office issued to the press the following decision:

> After the fullest consideration, and after taking the best medical and legal advice that could be obtained, the Home Secretary advised her Majesty to respite the capital punishment of Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, and to commute the punishment to penal servitude for life; inasmuch as although the evidence leads to the conclusion that the prisoner administered and attempted to administer arsenic to her husband with intent to murder him, yet it does not wholly exclude a reasonable doubt *whether his death was in fact caused by the administration of arsenic.*

The Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews, ignored the important statement of the judge at the trial, when, in giving emphasis to his remarks, he said to the jury:

"It is essential to this charge that the man *died of arsenic.* This question must be the foundation of a judgment unfavorable to the prisoner, that he *died* of arsenic."

Then the Home Secretary, on reviewing the evidence given at the trial, finding it impossible to justify the verdict, because the evidence "does not wholly exclude a reasonable doubt whether his (James Maybrick's) death was in fact caused by the administration of arsenic," instead of giving me the benefit of that reasonable doubt, took upon himself to apply the spirit of the law and of the Constitution by convicting me of an offense for which I had never been tried, but with which he, without any public trial, charged against me—namely, "administering and attempting to administer arsenic to James Maybrick."

These charges, made by Mr. Matthews in 1889, have never been defined, nor has any statement been afforded me and my legal advisers of the evidence relied on in proof of them; nor have I been given an opportunity to be heard by counsel in answer to them, nor to plead in reply to them. Had I been granted a second trial I should have seen the evidence upon which the new charges were made against me, and in open court I could have confronted the witnesses. But Mr. Matthews sentenced me, without giving me a chance to defend myself against the charges, to penal servitude for life. He sent me to suffer fourteen and one-half years *on suspicion*—a suspicion based only on evidence which was *conspicuous by its absence.* The new evidence that has been obtained since the trial is admitted to be such that it would satisfy any intelligent jury that I was not only wrongfully convicted of murder but was most wrongfully treated by Mr. Matthews. The new evidence completely exonerates me from the charge of murder and the "administering and attempting to administer arsenic." Since this evidence was published no one has ever attempted to justify my conviction.

The Lord Chief Justice's Letter

HAD the jury, instead of finding a verdict of "guilty" of murder, returned a verdict in the same terms as the finding of Mr. Matthews, the judge must have entered it as "not guilty" and discharged me.

And this fact is another reason which gives ground for injustice. Well might Lord Chief Justice Russell of Killowen write to me as he did on the twenty-seventh of June, 1895, telling me that he had never relaxed his efforts to urge my release being granted, and saying:

ROYAL COURTS, 27th June, 1895.

MRS. MAYBRICK:

Dear Madam: I have been absent on circuit: hence my delay in answering your letter.

I beg to assure you that I have never relaxed in my efforts when any suitable opportunity offered to urge that your release ought to be granted. I feel as strongly as I have felt from the first that you ought never to have been convicted, and this opinion I have very clearly expressed to Mr. Asquith, but, I am sorry to say, hitherto without effect.

Rest assured that I shall renew my representations to the incoming Home Secretary, whoever he may be, as soon as the Government is formed and the Home Secretary is in a position to deal with such matters.

I am, faithfully,

RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

This also seems to be the opinion of the *leading counsel for the prosecution,* Mr. Addison, Q. C., M. P. (now Judge Addison, of the Southwark County Court), who is reported to have said:

"After the summing up, and to the very last moment, the jury could not, especially in view of the medical evidence, find a verdict of guilty."

This statement will be found in Sir Charles Russell's protest to Mr. Matthews.

The public is not probably fully aware how much intensity of feeling and earnest work have been expended on my case during the fourteen and one-half years of my imprisonment. The Home Office knows. Men in high positions in both political parties in England have been united in demanding a new trial. The almost invariable reply has been that the best means to effect my release was to obtain new facts or evidence and submit these to the Home Secretary for his consideration. Those well-meaning advisers seemed to forget that the half-million of petitioners for my reprieve or free pardon in England—not to count those in America—were not moved thereto by *new facts or evidence,* but by the *absence of facts or evidence sufficient to prove that the alleged crime had been committed by any one,* or that either guilt or complicity in that crime, if crime it were, attached to me. It is not the business of the public nor of individual citizens to prove the innocence of any unhappy person whom process of law selects for punishment; but it is the business of every citizen to see that the courts incontestably prove the guilt of any person accused of a crime before sentence is passed.

1. It must be proved that a crime has been committed.
2. That the accused person is the individual who committed it.

Neither condition has yet been fulfilled in my case. The evidence on which half a million petitioners in England said that I was unjustly condemned is sufficient in itself. While it is true that if a new trial had been granted me I could have produced new evidence that overwhelmingly demonstrated my innocence, it is also true that more facts or new evidence were not requisite to enable justice to be done.

The doctors who gave evidence in favor of death by arsenical poisoning all stated that they would not have felt certain on the subject if the one-tenth of a grain of arsenic had not been found in the body. Therefore, since the presence of that arsenic could otherwise be accounted for, I was entitled to an acquittal even on the evidence of the Crown medical witnesses. Moreover, the symptoms on which two of three doctors of the prosecution laid most stress—continuous vomiting—was stated by the third to be due to morphia administered by Mr. Maybrick himself. All three were examined before any evidence of his habit of arsenic taking was given. Had they known that he was an arsenic eater they might have arrived at a different conclusion. The doctors of the defense, who declared that Mr. Maybrick's symptoms were not those of arsenical poisoning, were men of more extensive experience as regards poisons than the Crown medical witnesses. The quantity of arsenic found in the body was, in their opinion, quite consistent with administration in medicinal doses, and might have been introduced a considerable time before.

By what proof was the verdict sustained?

The Times of August 8, 1889, declared that —

> Out of hundreds of thousands of persons who followed the case with eager interest and attention, not one in three was prepared for the verdict. The large majority had believed that in the presence of such contradictory evidence the jury would give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and bring in a verdict as much like the Scotch "not proven" as is permitted by English laws.
>
> The proved administration of poison with intent to kill shall be punished by penal servitude, but not necessarily for life — sometimes for only three years; but the charge must be proven in open court to be a felonious attempt by some means actually used to effectuate the intent, and it remains with the prosecution to produce the necessary evidence that the means used were sufficient for the accomplishment of the effect.
>
> The medical evidence proved that the quantity of arsenic found in Mr. Maybrick's body was not sufficient to have produced death — one-tenth of a grain.

There was strong prejudice against me due to the numerous false and sensational reports circulated by the press about me during the interval between the arrest and the trial. The jury, being composed entirely of uneducated men, one of whom was illiterate, were not competent to weigh skilled evidence. There is no doubt that they attached great weight to the opinions of the local physicians, one of whom was a local celebrity. But the main factor in my conviction was Justice Stephen, whose mind, owing to incipient insanity, was incapable of dealing with so intricate a case. I was at that time entirely ignorant of this fact, which has since become historic. My trial was his last case; he died in a madhouse.

The Liverpool Daily Post, as I am informed, had been hostile rather than favorable toward me, but on the death of Lord Chief Justice Russell that journal showed that it fully appreciated the unfairness of my trial in articles of August 13 and 14, 1900, in which it was stated that no human being ought to be handed over to be tried by a "mad judge." The following is taken from the Post of August 13, 1900:

> The death of the Lord Chief Justice may have recalled to the minds of some Liverpool folk a sad and sordid tragedy enacted among them eleven years ago, in which he was a principal performer. To those who were there a vivid recollection still persists of that bright July morning when a thronged court, hushed in expectancy, awaited the beginning of the Maybrick trial. In fancy one still hears the distant fanfare of the trumpets as the judges with quaint pageantry passed down the hall, and still with the mind's eye sees the stately crimson-clad figure of the great mad judge as he sat down to try his last case. A tragedy, indeed, was played upon the Bench no less than in the dock.
>
> Few who looked upon the strong, square head can have suspected that the light of reason was burning very low within; yet as the days of the trial dragged by, days that must have been as terrible to the judge as to the prisoner, men began to nod at him, to wonder and to whisper. Nothing more painful was ever seen in court than the proud old man's desperate struggle to control his failing faculties. But the struggle was unavailing. It was clear that the growing volume of facts was unassorted, undigested in his mind; that his judgment swayed backward and forward in the conflict of testimony; that his memory failed to grip the most salient features of the case for many minutes together. It was shocking to think that a human life depended upon the direction of this wreck of what was once a great judge.

Justice Stephen's charge to the jury positively teemed with misstatements as to the evidence given during the trial. I quote from the same journal in its issue of August 17:

> I should be very sorry to think that the same number of errors as to the matters of fact given in the evidence had ever been made in any judge's charge. It simply swarms with them, and as the jury at the end of a long trial is likely to prefer the judge's résumé to their own recollection, I doubt if the verdict in the Maybrick case was founded on the evidence at all. And if I am right in thinking that the jurors founded their verdict on the judge's recapitulation of the evidence rather than on the evidence itself, I do not see how any counsel could have saved the prisoner.

That the jury "did not hear the whole of the evidence very distinctly" is admitted by one of them in the Liverpool Daily Post of August 10, 1889. Consequently they were likely to be influenced by the judge's charge, which "swarmed with errors." There is no evidence that the jury detected the judge's misstatements, as an intelligent jury certainly would have done.

The Lord Chief Justice sent the Home Secretary a memorandum consisting of twenty folios, in which he stated the opinion that "Mrs. Maybrick ought to be released at once."

He requested that the contents of his memorandum should be made public. Yet when asked in the House of Commons to lay the document on the table of the House, in order that it might be accessible to the members, the Home Secretary peremptorily declined. The London Daily Mail, in an editorial on this incident, said:

> The only conceivable reasons for declining to give publicity to the letter, which was actually intended for publication, are apparently official red tape and the fear of giving new life to the agitation in favor of Mrs. Maybrick's release. This result will be almost as effectually achieved by surrounding the case with further mystery, and leaving upon the public mind the grave suspicion that justice may not have been done.

The following extracts are taken from the Life of Lord Russell of Killowen:

> In November, 1895, he wrote to Sir Matthew White-Ridley (page 260) expressing his strong and emphatic opinion that Florence Maybrick ought never to have been convicted; that her continued imprisonment was an injustice which ought promptly to be ended.
>
> I have never wavered in this opinion. After her conviction I wrote and had printed a memorandum which I presume is preserved at the Home Office. Lest it should not be, I herewith transmit a copy.
>
> As you know, what happened was that Mr. Matthews, after consultation with the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Justice Stephen, and after seeing Doctor Stephenson, the principal Crown witness, and also the late Doctor Tidy, respited the capital sentence on the expressed ground that there was sufficient doubt whether death had been caused by arsenical poison to justify the respite.
>
> It will be seen (1) that such a doubt existed as to the commission of the offense for which Florence Maybrick was tried as rendered it improper, in the opinion of the Home Secretary and his advisers, that the capital sentence should be carried out, and (2) that for more than six years Florence Maybrick has been suffering imprisonment on the assumption of Mr. Matthews that she committed an offense for which she was never tried by the constitutional authority and of which she has never been adjudged guilty.
>
> From page 261:
>
> This is in itself a most serious state of things. It is manifestly unjust that Florence Maybrick should suffer for a crime in regard to which she has never been called upon to answer before any lawful tribunal.
>
> Is it not obvious that if the attempt to murder had been the offense for which she was arraigned the course of the defense would have been different? I speak as her counsel of what I know. Read the report of the defense and you will see that I devoted my whole strength to, and massed the evidence upon, the point that the prosecution had misconceived the facts, that the foundation on which the whole case rested was rotten, for that in fact there was no murder; that, on the contrary, the deceased had died from natural causes.
>
> It is true that incidental reference was made to certain alleged acts of Florence Maybrick, but the references were incidental only; the stress of my argument being in fact that *no murder had been committed, because the evidence did not warrant the conclusion that the deceased had died from arsenical poisoning.*
>
> On the other hand, had the Crown counsel suggested the case of attempt to murder by poison it would have been the duty of counsel to address himself directly and mainly to the alleged circumstances which, it was argued, pointed to guilty intent. That these alleged circumstances were capable in part of being explained, in part of being minimized and in part of being attacked as unreliably vouched, cannot, I think, be doubted by any one who has with a critical eye scanned the evidence. I do not deny that my feelings are engaged in this case. It is impossible that they should not be, but I have honestly tried to judge the case, and I now say that *if I was called upon to advise, in my character of head of the criminal judicature of this country, I should advise you that Florence Maybrick ought to be allowed to go free.*
>
> From page 262:
>
> I think it my duty to renew my protest against the continued imprisonment of Florence Maybrick. I consider the history of the case reflects discredit on the administration of the criminal law. I think my protest ought to be attended to at last. The prisoner has already undergone punishment for a period four times as long, or more, as the minimum punishment fixed by law for the commission of the crime of which she has never been convicted, or for which she has never been tried, but for which she has been adjudged guilty by your predecessor in the office of Home Secretary.

The following is quoted from the American official petition sent to the Right Honorable Henry Matthews, Q. C., M. P., her Majesty's Principal Secretary for the Home Department:

> As Florence Elizabeth Maybrick is an American woman, without father, brother, husband or kin in England, except two infant children, enduring penal servitude for life in Woking Prison:
>
> As the conduct of her trial resulted in a profound impression of a miscarriage of justice, in an earnest protest against the verdict and the execution of the sentence of death, and its commutation to penal servitude for life on the ground of reasonable doubt whether a murder had been committed:
>
> As a careful legal scrutiny of the evidence given at the trial by eminent solicitors, barristers, Queen's counsel and members of Parliament, and the production of facts not in evidence at the trial, have resulted in a final decision of counsel that the case is one proper for the grave consideration of a criminal appellate tribunal — if such a tribunal existed:
>
> Therefore, we earnestly ask that the Right Honorable Henry Matthews, Q. C., M. P., her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, will advise her Majesty to order the pardon and release of the prisoner, who has now suffered an imprisonment of three years:
>
> Vice-President Levi P. Morton
>
> Speaker Charles F. Crisp
>
> Secretary Charles Foster
>
> Secretary James G. Blaine
>
> Secretary Stephen B. Elkins
>
> Attorney-General William H. H. Miller
>
> Postmaster-General John Wanamaker
>
> Secretary Benjamin F. Tracy
>
> Secretary John W. Noble
>
> Secretary Jeremiah M. Rusk
>
> Cardinal Gibbons
>
> Major-General John M. Schofield
>
> Brigadier-General A. W. Truly
>
> Major Thomas Lincoln Casey
>
> Major-General Joseph Cabell Breckinridge
>
> Adjutant-General J. O. Kelton
>
> Paymaster-General William Smith
>
> General H. M. Batchelder
>
> General B. Du Barry
>
> General O. Sutherland
>
> Chief of Ordnance D. W. Flagler
>
> General G. Norman Lieber
>
> Major-General Thomas Ewing
>
> and many others.

I shall conclude by quoting the letter of Secretary Blaine to Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, then Minister to the Court of St. James. It will be seen that Mr. Blaine was of the opinion that I had lost my citizenship. Since this letter was written it has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that a woman married to a foreigner, on the death of her husband can, on application, be reinstated to citizenship.

> Department of State, Washington,
> March 7, 1892.
>
> *My dear Mr. Lincoln:* As Mrs. Maybrick lost her American citizenship by her English marriage, and as I fear she does not resume it by her widowhood, I cannot instruct you officially as to the course you should pursue toward her.
>
> But her American and Southern birth, her connection with many families of the highest respectability and even of prominence in the country's service, have attracted much attention to her fate.
>
> I have no other interest in her than an interest which you and I share in common with all our countrymen — the desire to help an American woman in distress. That she may have been influenced by the foolish ambition of too many American girls for a foreign marriage, and have descended from her own rank to that of her husband's family, which seems to have been somewhat vulgar, must be forgiven to her youth, since she was only eighteen at the time of her marriage.
>
> There is a wide and widening belief in this country that she is legally innocent and illegally imprisoned. The official charge of the judge that murder must be proved, and the official announcement of the Home Secretary that the evidence leaves a "reasonable doubt" of murder, are the premises of but one conclusion, the discharge of the prisoner.
>
> The fact that she was never indicted or tried by a jury of her peers on a specific count of felonious attempt to administer arsenic, yet is condemned to penal servitude for life on the Home Secretary's statement that she evidently made such an attempt, can never be reconciled to the English principle that an accused person shall be tried by a jury of his peers. Lawyers here are among the strongest believers in the illegality of her imprisonment. Indeed, the sense of injustice is developing and deepening into horror.
>
> Officially I could only instruct you on behalf of a multitude of American citizens to investigate her case. Personally I beg to express to you my deep interest in it, and pray you, if possible, to communicate with Messrs. Lumley and Sir Charles Russell as to any method of American coöperation which may seem to them desirable.
>
> Messrs. Lumley have made a very able brief, which I am sure would interest you, and which seems to me unanswerable. Sir Charles Russell, whose reputation you know, is her counsel. Consult with them what best can be done, from an American point of view, to secure Mrs. Maybrick's release. And if you shall have read Lumley's brief I am sure that conviction will lead you to personal activity in her behalf.
>
> You can communicate with me in strict confidence, as from one American citizen to another, for the relief of an American woman helplessly enduring a great wrong.
>
> Believe me, etc.,
> James G. Blaine.

And yet it required the time from March 7, 1892, until July 20, 1904, to attain my liberation; and then it was accomplished by time limit and by no act of grace or concession on the part of the English Government.

Editor's Note—This is the first installment of Mrs. Maybrick's own story. The second will appear next week.

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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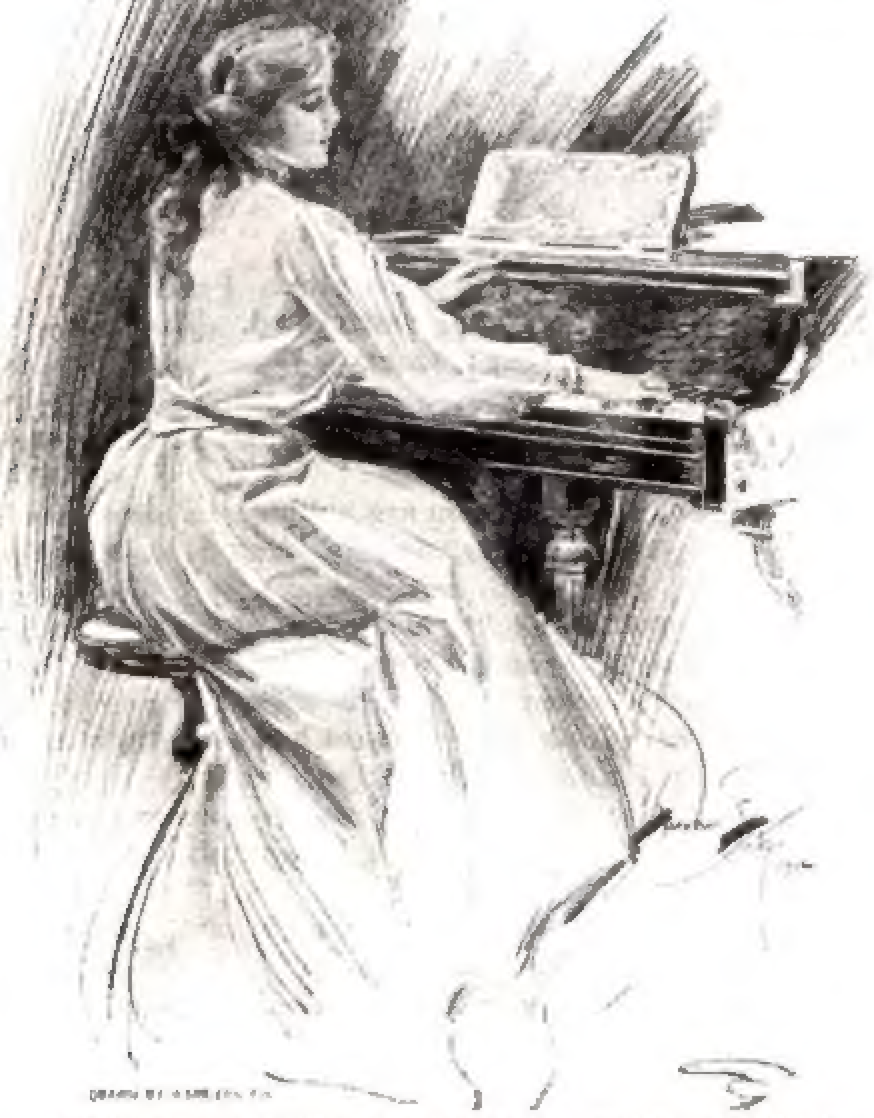


IN INDIA ONE SELDOM HEARS A PIANO TOUCHED DURING THE HOT HOURS

CHAPTER I

THE fervid land of India had become home to Raymond Bethune for so many years that it would have been difficult for him to picture his life elsewhere. The glamour of the East, of the East that is under Anglo-Saxon sway, had entered into his blood, without, however, altering its cool, northern, deliberate course.

Raymond Bethune, Major of Guides, loved the fierce lads to whom he was at once father and despot, as, perhaps, he could have loved no troop of honest, thick-skulled English soldiers. He was content with the comradeship of his brother officers, men who thought like himself and fought like himself; content to spend the best years of existence hanging between heaven and earth on the arid flanks of a Kashmir mountain range, in forts the walls of which had been cemented by centuries of blood; looked forward, without blanching, to the probability of laying down his life in some obscure frontier skirmish, unmourned and unnoticed. His duty sufficed him. He found happiness in it that it was his duty. Such men as he are the very stones of an Empire's foundation.

. . . .

Yet, though he was thus intimately satisfied with his life and his life's task, Bethune was conscious of a strange emotion, almost a contraction of the heart, as he followed the kitmutgar into Lady Gerardine's drawing-room in the palace of the Lieutenant-Governor this October day.

The town below hung like a great rose jewel, scintillating, palpitating, in a heat unusual for the autumn of Northern India. Out of the glare, the color, the movement, the noise; out of the throng of smells — spice, scent, garlic, the indescribable breath of the East — into the dim, cool room; it was like stepping from India into England! And by the tug at his heart-strings he might have analyzed (had he been of those that analyze) that, after all, the old home was nearest and dearest still; might have realized that his content beneath the scorching suns, amid the blinding snows of his adopted country, arose, after all, out of his deep filial love of, and pride in, the distant English isle.

He put down his hat and looked round: not a hint of tropical color, not a touch of exotic fancy, of luxuriant Oriental art anywhere; but the green and white and rosebud of chintz, the spindle-legged elegance of Chippendale, the soft note of Chelsea china, the cool grays and whites of Wedgewood. From the very flower-bowl a fastidious hand had excluded all but those delicate blossoms a paler sunshine nourishes. Some such room dignified with the consciousness of a rigid selection, reticent to primness in its simple yet distinguished art, fragrant with the potpourri of English gardens, fragrant, too, with memories of generations of wholesome English gentlefolks, you may meet with any day in some old manor-house of the shires. To transport the complete illusion to the heart of India, Bethune knew well must have cost more labor and money than if the neighboring palaces had been ransacked for their treasures. It was obvious, too, that the fancy here reigning supreme was that of one who looked upon her sojourn under these splendid skies with the eyes of an unresigned exile.

"The wife of the Lieutenant-Governor can evidently gratify every whim," he said to himself, bitterly enough, the while he still inhaled the fragrance of home with an unconscious yearning.

In the distance the tinkle of a piano seemed to add a last touch to the illusion. In India one so seldom hears a piano touched during the hot hours. And scales, too!

Suddenly the music ceased, if music it could be called. There was a flying step without. The door was thrown open. Raymond Bethune turned quickly, a certain hardness gathering in his eyes. Their expression changed, however, when he beheld the newcomer. A young, very young girl, hardly eighteen, perhaps, of the plump type of immaturity; something, indeed, of a cherubic babyhood still lurking in the round face, in the buxom little figure, and in the rebellious aureole of bronze hair rising from a very pink forehead. It was evidently the energetic musician.

She came in, examining one finger of her right hand; and, without looking at him, began to speak with severity:

"I told you, Mr. Simpson, I could not possibly see anybody in my practicing hours! How am I ever to keep up my poor music in this beastly country?" Then she added in a pettish undertone: "I have broken my nail now!" And, glancing up, accusingly, to behold a stranger: "Oh!" she exclaimed.

Major Bethune smiled. The sight of this creature, so unmistakably fresh from the salt, brisk English shores, was as pleasant as it was unexpected.

"Oh, it's not Mr. Simpson!" she cried with a quaint air of discovery.

The officer bowed. Life had taught him not to waste his energy on a superfluous word.

"Oh!" she said again. She looked down at her nail once more, and then sucked it childishly. Over her finger she shot a look at him. She had very bright hazel eyes, under wide, full brows. "Perhaps," she said, "you want to see the Runkle? I mean," she interrupted herself with a little giggle, "I mean, my uncle, Sir Arthur."

"I called to see Lady Gerardine," he answered imperturbably. "I wrote to her yesterday. She expects me."

"Oh!"

Every time this ejaculation shot from the girl's lips it was with a new lively note of surprise and a comical rounding of small mouth and big eyes. Then she remembered her manners; and, plunging down on a chair herself:

"Won't you take a seat?" she cried with an engaging schoolgirl familiarity.

Bowing again, he obeyed.

"Do you think Lady Gerardine will see me?"

She glanced at the clock on the cabinet beside her.

"My aunt will be here," she replied, "in just ten minutes. She is always down at the hour, though nobody comes till half-past." She flung a look of some reproach at the visitor's inscrutable face, and passed her handkerchief over her own hot cheeks. "I think Aunt Rosamond is wonderful," she went on, preparing herself, with a small sigh, for the task of entertaining. "The Runkle — I mean my uncle — is always after her. But I am sure there is not another Lieutenant-Governor's wife in India that does her duty half so well." Here she yawned as suddenly as a puppy. The visitor still maintaining silence, she paused, evidently revolving subjects of conversation in her mind, and then started briskly upon her choice:

"Of course, you don't know who I am." Two deep dimples appeared in the plump cheeks. "I am Aspasia Cuningham, and I have come to live with my uncle and aunt in India. I wish I had not; I hate it. What is your name?"

"Raymond Bethune."

"Civil?" inquired Miss Aspasia, running her eye over his light gray suit.

"No, military. Guides. Major," he corrected.

She nodded. "I see — turbans and things."

Bethune gave a dry chuckle which hardly reflected itself on his countenance. Another silence fell; and, still scrubbing her cheeks with an energy calculated to make even the onlooker feel hot, the girl took a good look at him. A somewhat lantern-jawed, very thin face had he, tanned almost to copper; brown hair, cropped close, a slight, fair mustache, and steady, pale eyes beneath overhanging brows. There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh about the long, lean figure. No mistake (thought Aspasia sagely) about his Scottish origin. She cocked her head on one side. "He would have looked well in a kilt," she told herself.

Presently the silence began to oppress her. He did not seem in the least disposed to break it. His attitude was one of patient waiting; but, second by second, the lines of his countenance grew set into deeper sternness. Miss Cuningham coughed. She played a scale upon her knee, stretched out all her fingers one after another, waggled them backward and forward, and finally, with a pout and a frown, dashed into exasperated speech.

"Could not I take a message?"

The man brought his attention to bear upon her with an effort, as if from some distant thought.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Do you not think you could give me a message for Aunt Rosamond?"

"I am afraid not."

"Do you want her to get the Runkle — Sir Arthur, I mean — to do anything for you?"

"No."

"Do you know Aunt Rosamond — Lady Gerardine . . . ?"

He hesitated. Then he said "No," and "No" again, with a cold incisiveness.

"Oh!"

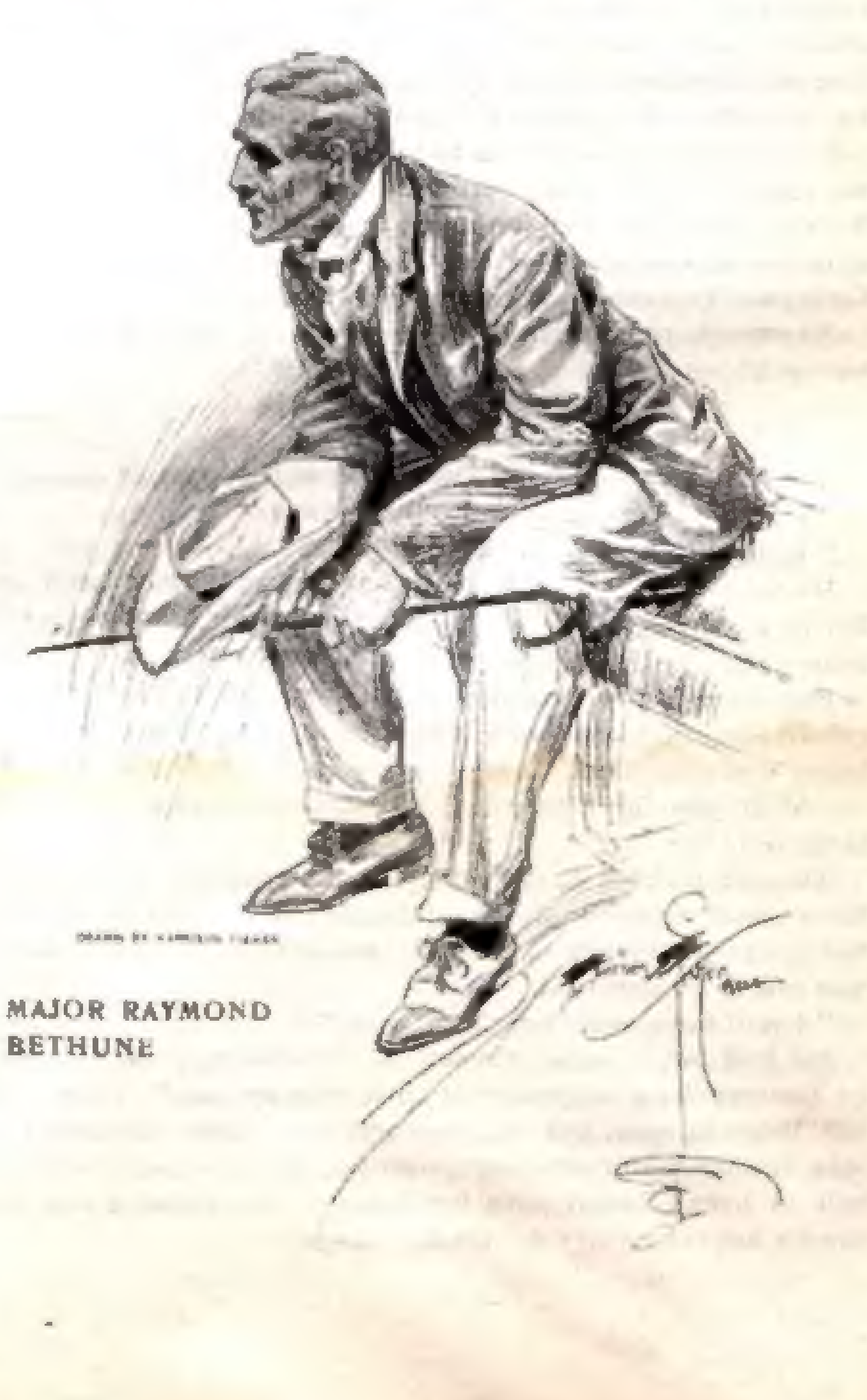
Miss Cuningham was nonplused; yet was she interested in spite of herself. "What a rude pig!" she thought angrily, in her downright schoolgirl vernacular. But the next moment his saturnine face softened.

"Do not let me keep you," he said. "You want to return to your music. You were practicing very hard. I have never heard any one play scales with such energy over here before. It quite brought me back to the schoolroom in the old place at home."

His expression softened still more as he spoke.

Aspasia was delighted to find him so human all at once; and, being herself the most gregarious little soul alive, hastened to take advantage of the opportunity.

"Oh, it does not matter now," she said. "Thank you. It is rather hot. I will finish my exercises later. You see, I must keep up my technique." She stretched her fingers again with an important air. "But, when he's at home, it annoys the Runkle — there it is again! I cannot help it, really. I only began it for fun, to tease him; now it's irresistible, nervous, I think. You remember, I told you my name is Aspasia. A stupid sort of name. You cannot even shorten it into anything decent. You could not call me Aspy, or Pashy, or Asia, could you? So people have got into the way of calling me Baby. I do not mind. It's better than Aspasia. But uncle won't. He is my godfather, you see, and thinks it's a lovely name. There's a stupid old cousin of ours, Lady Aspasia Something-or-other, whom he



MAJOR RAYMOND BETHUNE

thinks the world of. So he always will say: 'My dear Raspasia . . . my dear Raspasia!' So I got into the way of calling him, 'My dear Runkle Rarthur!' Rather silly, but I began it in sheer self-defense. And now—it's really quite wicked—everybody calls him the Runkle, all the secretaries and things—behind his back, of course. And there's one of them, a silly sort of creature, Mr. Simpson—I thought it was he just now—he's not got used to it yet, and he always goes purple and explodes. And the Runkle gets mad. He has to pretend he has not noticed anything, to save his dignity!"

Her frank young laugh rang out, one might have thought infectiously enough. But the visitor's eyes had wandered from her. And as now (perceiving suddenly that he had not been listening to her) she fell into an affronted silence, she noticed how they became fixed in the direction of the door with a curious intensity of gaze, like that of a hawk sighting his quarry.

One of the native servants, who kept squatting watch in the passage without, had noiselessly pushed the door-hangings aside; a soft murmur of muslin skirts against matting grew into the silence. Lady Gerardine came into the room. She was looking at a card in her hand.

"Major Bethune?" she said questioningly as she approached.

"My name must be familiar to you," he replied gravely.

She paused a second, slightly contracting her brows; then shook her head with a smile.

"I am afraid—I have such a bad memory. But I am very glad to see you."

She put out her hand graciously. He barely touched it with his fingers.

"Pray sit down," she said, and took her own chair.

One felt the accomplished woman of the world. No awkwardness could exist where Lady Gerardine had the direction of affairs. Sweet, cool, aloof, the most exquisite courtesy marked her every gesture. Had the newcomer been shy he must promptly have felt reassured, for a long-looked-for guest could not have been more easily welcomed.

"You will like some tea," said she. "Baby, why did not you order tea? Dear child, how hot you are!"

A ripple of laughter broke the composure of her countenance. Miss Cuningham ran to the door clapping her hands.

"Tea, Abdul," she cried. And, like the genie of the Persian fairy tale, the servant instantly stood salaaming on the threshold.

"Oh, Aunt Rosamond, may he not have a lemon-squash? Major Bethune, I am sure you would prefer a lemon-squash!"

Bethune sat stonily, staring at his hostess from under his heavy brows.

. . . .

So that was she—Rose of the World! Not so beautiful as he had fancied. And yet, yes—grudgingly he had to admit it—beautiful, and more. With every instant that passed the extraordinary quality of her personality made itself felt upon him; and his heart hardened. This grace more beautiful than beauty; those deep, strange eyes startling with their unexpected color, green-hazel, in the pallor of the face under a crown of hair, fiery gold; those long, lissome limbs; the head with its wealth, drooping a little on the long throat. Oh, aye, that was she! Even so had she been described to him: the "flower among women!"—even so by lips eloquent with the fullness of the heart (alas! what arid mountain wind might not now be playing with the dust of what was once instinct with such generous life!)—even so had Harry English described her to his only friend. Save, indeed, that by his own telling Harry English's bride had been rosy as a Dorset apple blossom, as the monthly roses that hung over the wicket gate of the garden at home; and the wife of Sir Arthur Gerardine had no more tint of color in her cheeks than the waxen petals of the white daturas that marked the Governor's terraces with their giant chalices.

Raymond remembered. But she—she had such a bad memory!

. . . .

"Have you been long here?"

She seemed to take his visit quite as a matter of course.

"I arrived yesterday. I am on leave."

"Indeed. And what regiment?"

He told her. A change, scarcely perceptible, passed over her face. She compressed her lips and drew a breath, a trifle longer than normal, through dilated nostrils.

Just then a procession of soft-footed, white-clad servants entered upon them, and the tension, if tension there had been, was dispelled.

"Will you have tea, Major Bethune, or this child's prescription?"

The ice tinkled melodiously in the fragrant yellow brew. Baby was already sucking through a straw; she rolled her eyes, expressive of rapture, toward the visitor. But he was not to be diverted.

"I will have nothing, thank you."

He had not thought himself so sentimental. Why should he bear so deep a grudge against this woman? How could her forgetfulness, her indifference, now harm the dead? It was fantastic, unreasonable, and yet he could not bring himself to break bread with her to-day. He clasped his lean brown fingers tightly across his knees.

"I am afraid," he said briefly, "that my presence must seem an intrusion. But I trust you will forgive me when you understand upon what errand I come."

She disclaimed his apology by a wave of her hand. The emeralds upon it shot green fire at him.

"The fact is," he went on, doggedly making for his point, "I have been asked to write a life of—your husband."

He was interrupted by a commotion among the ice and bubbles of Miss Aspasia's long tumbler.

"Gracious," she sputtered; "but the Runkle is not dead yet!" She choked down, just in time, the comment, "Worse luck!" which had almost escaped her terribly frank tongue.

Lady Gerardine was smiling again in her detached manner.

"A great many people, distinguished people, Baby, have their lives written before they die. And they have then the advantage of correcting the proof-sheets. I dare say your uncle will not object."

Major Bethune allowed a pause to fall before continuing his speech. Then he said, with almost cruel deliberation:

"I beg your pardon, Lady Gerardine. I should have said your late husband. I refer to Harry English."

CHAPTER II

FOR the life of her, Baby could not have said why, but she felt as if something had been broken by these last words—broken with a great crash. She put down her glass, and turned and stared from her aunt to Major Bethune and back again. Lady Gerardine's eyes were cast down, her hands were moving among the tea-things: it would have been hard to divine if she had even heard. The man was leaning forward, devouring her face with unsparing gaze—a gaze that seemed to be looking for something with brutal intensity.

After a silence, so oppressive that Aspasia could have screamed, Lady Gerardine spoke:

"Is it necessary to ask for my permission?" she said, without lifting her eyelids. "I did not know that people were so particular nowadays." She paused. And then, with a perceptible effort: "Did you know Captain English?" she asked.

"Did I know him?" Raymond Bethune laughed out loud, unmirthfully. "You seem to have forgotten that he and I went through that siege together. I was with him from the day I first joined, practically till the hour of his death."

Rosamond Gerardine gave a faint gasp, as if breath had suddenly failed her; then she looked up sharply and veiled her glance again.

"Ah," she said slowly. "Through the siege—till—I had not known. I beg your pardon."

Once more there was the heavy silence. With round eyes Baby stared: things were passing here to the meaning of which she had no clew, but she felt, as it were, the stress of a tragedy in the air.

Suddenly Lady Gerardine rose. "I am glad to have met you," said she. He rose, too, and she stretched out her hand to him. "Write his life," she went on. "I am sure no one could do it better."

As upon their first greeting, the man bowed ceremoniously, barely touching the fingers proffered. She sighed, sank into her chair again, then turned and smiled determinedly upon her niece with the air of one dismissing the subject. Bethune felt well enough that he, too, was being dismissed; but he took a step forward and stood looking down upon her.

"I do not think you quite understand," he said. "I cannot do this work without your help, Lady Gerardine."

"My help!"

"I am exceedingly sorry to be so tiresome"—his manner betrayed a curious mixture of patience and irritation—"but you see that without the papers in your possession my task would be futile. I could not possibly do the work justice."

"The papers in my possession!" She echoed the words as helplessly as before.

"The papers in your possession," he repeated. "His letters to you, the journal he wrote during the siege, his notes, his whole correspondence—I brought them all back and sent them to you myself—afterward. And you, you did receive them? You were too ill to see me, I was told, but your friends undertook that you should have them."

She was gazing at him now with wide eyes growing darker and deeper every moment. The color rushed up to her face, then faded away, leaving it paler even than before. Her stricken look made him feel like a brute; yet the sheer perversity of her attitude exasperated him. At last:

"You want me to give you these papers?" she exclaimed with a cry.

He sat down on the chair next her; and, like one endeavoring to make a fractious child hear reason, began to explain his meaning to her.

"I should not presume," he said, "to suggest that you should confide to me writings which can concern only yourself and him. He was a reserved man, and, though he was the best friend, the only friend I ever had, and I, perhaps, his closest, I should not dream of intruding upon his private life, now—now that he is dead. God forbid! But I want you to help, I want you to give me every necessary extract which concerns his soldier's life—that life which was such an example to all Englishmen—which I feel it should be given to England to know, as freely as it was laid down for her. Why, there is not even a cairn of stones to mark his grave! Mark his grave? Why, even that grave has been denied to us! But we can yet raise a monument to him that our country may know her dead."

His cold, somewhat grating voice deepened into a note of such tenderness that Baby wondered in her childish mind. She did not know that a man could so love and mourn a friend. Lady Gerardine had leaned back in her chair, her hands clasping the arms. Bethune saw her revolving the question in her mind with such pallid suffering upon her features that he felt torn between anger and a sort of unwilling pity. Her lips moved:

"It is impossible."

He thought he could not have heard aright.

"I beg your pardon?"

"It is impossible."

"Lady Gerardine . . . !"

"You do not know what you are asking. I cannot!"

"I think it is you who do not understand. The matter is so simple: those letters, that journal——"

"No—no."

"You refuse?" he exclaimed. Indignation was even stronger than surprise.

"You do not know what you are asking!" she repeated. And the cry of passion in her voice again startled both him and Aspasia.

Bethune rose, took up his hat in silence; stood a while, his steel-pale eyes flaming upon the woman whom his friend had, from all the world, chosen to make his wife.

"I trust you will think it over," said he at length, as soon as he could control himself sufficiently to speak.

He paused again; but Lady Gerardine made no reply. She was still fixing him with that inexplicable gaze that seemed one of terror.

"I shall call again," said he, well nigh in the tone of a menace; then bowed and turned away. At the door he halted. "But perhaps you did not keep those papers?" he said upon a sudden scornful thought.

Still she held her peace, and in his heart he knew that this random shaft of his had fallen wide of the mark; that, whatever might be the explanation of her attitude, it was not indifference.

Thoroughly dissatisfied with the result of his interview, with himself, and the whole situation, he strode down the long corridors into the cool, echoing hall, where many pillars showed with faint barbaric tints between aisles of gloom.

At the very threshold of the color and sunshine without some one overtook him with patter of flying feet, some one nipped him by the sleeve with determined fingers. He looked, and it was Miss Aspasia. Her hazel eyes were rounder than ever; so was her button of a mouth. Her hair seemed to stand out, an aureole of amazement, from her baby face.

"Don't be angry with Aunt Rosamond. Perhaps she will change her mind."

He wheeled round.

"Have you any idea," he asked, "of the reason for her refusal?"

Aspasia shook her head so violently that the halo danced again. She pursed her lips with a long-drawn-out "No. You see," she added quickly, arresting him as, with head bent in thought, he was once more proceeding on his way, "you see, we never speak of aunt's first husband here. At least, she never does. There is no picture of him about, not a sign of anything that has ever belonged to him. As far as she is concerned it is just as if he had never been."

Raymond Bethune, of the Guides, jerked his head upward in melancholy and bitter confirmation. In the midst of his own preoccupation and disappointment he could not, however, help being struck with the engaging quality of the face thrust so confidingly close to his. Those yellow-hazel eyes had depths of almost infantile candor.

"At least, there is a soul that can afford to be transparent," he said to himself. Then, aloud, following his first perplexed train of thought: "Perhaps it is because of your uncle, of Sir Arthur?" he suggested. "Lady Gerardine may be afraid of annoying him. Some men are jealous of their wives' first husbands." He smiled, half derisively to himself, half genially upon her.

"The Runkle!" cried Aspasia with a giggle. "Jealous? Oh, no; I don't think so! Why, he is the only creature who ever does speak of Captain English in this place. Poor Runkle, he's so awfully pleased with himself, you know, that I don't think he could be jealous of anything or anybody."

"Why, then——" Bethune's brow darkened at this confident removal of the only hypothesis that could put Lady Gerardine's behavior in a favorable light. "Do you think," he said, regarding the girl reflectively, "that you could use your influence in this matter?"

Again Aspasia's head flew from side to side in violent negation.

"Oh, I could not! Aunt Rosamond, she's a darling, she is more than good to me; I love her, but—it would seem such horrible impertinence. I cannot explain, Major Bethune, but I never feel as if I knew her really, nor as if she wanted me to know her. She always seems to me to be all outside, somehow."

He reflected a moment; then he suddenly held out his hand to her, with that softening of the countenance she had already noted—and noted to approve.

"Will you? I want you to try and help me," said he. It was worded as a request; it was voiced somehow, as a command.

She was preparing to twirl her curly mop, when she looked up and met his eyes. Then—she never knew how it happened—she said quite the opposite to what she had intended: "I will try."

And this was a promise. There was no mistake about it. He held her hand for a second in a firm grasp; neither of them wotted or cared for the white-clad, dusky-faced retinue that stood like so many statues awaiting the moment to proffer their services. If a liquid eye rolled curiously, however, it was an exception; your Hindu has a dignified discretion of his own.

. . . .

"Play me something, Baby."

Lady Gerardine was still lying back in her chair, almost as if she had not moved. Her face had, perhaps, a whiter pallor than before, but there was no other trace of emotion to be seen. Instead of obeying, Aspasia, with her promise heavy on her heart, and all the indiscreet impulsiveness of her years, rushed over and flung herself at her aunt's feet, rubbing a coaxing head against her knees.

Rosamond laid her hand upon the curls. This Baby seized and kissed; then she looked up. Lady Gerardine smiled; it was a smile indulgent, but of infinite detachment.

"It is perfectly absurd that I should call you aunt," began the girl. True child as she was, she could think of no better scheme of attack than this wheedling. "You look as young as I do."

"Young?" echoed the Governor's wife wearily.

Baby was counting on her fingers: "I was, let me see, just twelve when you married the Runkle, six years ago. So," triumphantly, "you are twenty-seven now. And that is, oh, quite ridiculously young for an aunt!"

Lady Gerardine sighed.

"Dear Aunt Rosamond," said Aspasia suddenly, turning round to kneel and place her elbows on her aunt's knees while she looked earnestly into her face, "why won't you?"

"Why won't I what, Baby?"

"You know. Let that poor man have those papers. Dear Aunt Rosamond, I don't think it's quite fair."

The girl was trembling at her own temerity. But now the elder woman showed neither anger nor distress; only a marble stillness seemed to come over the living flesh. After a pause she placed her hand gently across Aspasia's mouth.

"Baby, never speak of that again," she said; and there was the most absolute finality in her voice. Then she leaned forward and kissed her niece. The touch of her lips struck Aspasia as deathly cold. "Now play me something."

Aspasia rose, baffled, not without a feeling akin to the irritation that Major Bethune had displayed a little while before. It was like being brought up by a smooth, blank wall.

She marched to the piano, opened it, and plunged into a prelude of Bach's, glad to be able to work off some of her pent-up feeling. As she played she set her pointed chin; and, while her fingers flew, her thoughts wove in and out with the intricate music to a settled resolution:

"I don't care. Other people can be determined, too. It is not fair of Aunt Rosamond. And I'll not give it up."

She finished her Bach with a triumphant chord.

"Thank you," said Lady Gerardine. "I like your music, Baby. It is so intellectual."

CHAPTER III

SIR ARTHUR GERARDINE was stretched in a bamboo chair on the white terrace overlooking the garden, taking his ease luxuriously. He had had his shampoo after his ride, he had had tea, and had started his second cheroot. It was growing delightfully cool. He had the conviction of leaving a well-spent day behind him; and now, an immaculately conscienced, immaculately attired English gentleman of importance, felt himself entitled to his virtuous relaxation.

He was perilously near the sixties, but young-looking for his age in spite of his Oriental experience; handsome still, with a smile that, upon first acquaintance, was found irresistibly fascinating; a genial, easy manner—a way with him, in fact, that seemed to promise the utmost good-fellowship. It was only after experience that people felt the steel behind the velvet glove.

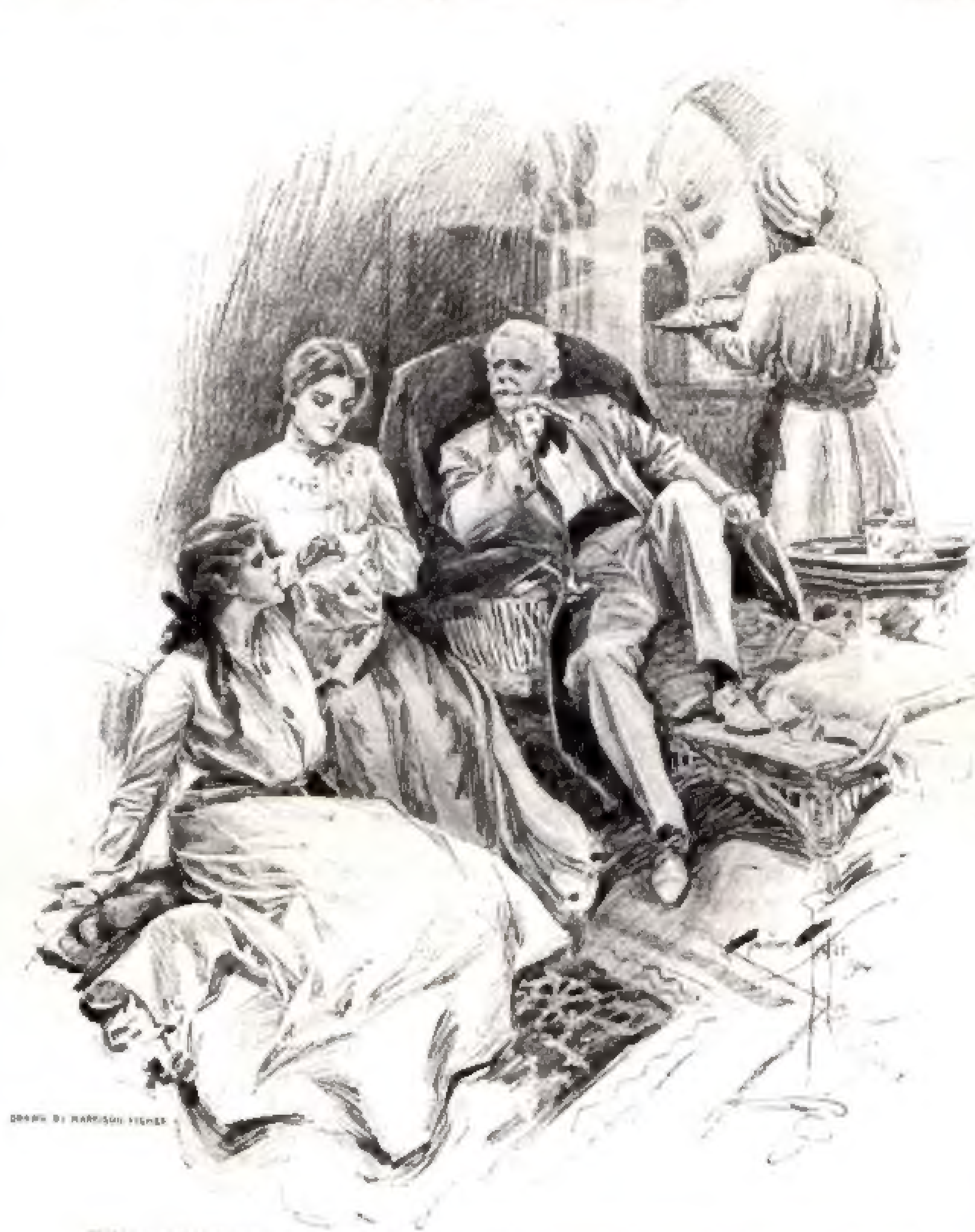
"Uncle Arthur," Aspasia one day averred in an irrepressible burst of frankness, "is the sort of man the more you know him the less you like him."

No one would have been more surprised than Sir Arthur himself had he been told that he was a tyrant. Yet very soon those who were brought into contact with him discovered what a domineering spirit dwelt behind that sweet smile; how, without ever departing from a form of speech and manner that with his own family was almost always caressing, with the rest of the world affable, no human being had ever been able to move him from the prosecution of his own purpose. Such a character, combined with a mighty intellect, would have been an enormous power for good. Unfortunately, it was upon the slightest premises and with limited reasoning faculties that Sir Arthur formed his unalterable views of life.

One of the problems that had most puzzled Aspasia, since unexpected family misfortunes had driven her to seek a home with the Lieutenant-Governor, her uncle and guardian, was whether her beautiful new aunt did not really hate Sir Arthur, and "if she didn't," as the child phrased it, "how she could?" But not even Baby's shrewd young eyes could discover a flaw in the serenity with which Lady Gerardine listened to her husband's theories, or the grace with which she lent herself to the fulfillment of his wishes.

She now sat beside him with a half-smile, her hands busied with some delicate work: a lovely picture of cool placidity.

Sir Arthur turned and gazed upon her with such an eye of condescending and complacent affection as that with which the Grand Turk may regard his last favorite.



THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S SELF-SATISFACTION WAXED VISIBLY TO SWELLING POINT

"Well, dear," he pursued, "I have finally rejected the Rajah's request."

"Indeed?"

She shot a look at him as if she would have added something; but upon the second thought dropped her long lids and resumed her embroidery, while Aspasia, in her usual pose at her aunt's feet, broke into shrill protest:

"You never did? Why, Runkle, and everybody said the poor man was quite right! Only last night I heard General Staveley tell Aunt Rosamond that it was a mere case of justice, not to say one of expediency."

The Lieutenant-Governor's self-satisfaction waxed visibly to swelling point.

"Ha! I dare say," he commented. "Indeed, I flatter myself, my dear Aspasia, that there is not another man in India that would have dared to take the responsibility. Aha, Rosamond, firmness! I was firm. Very firm. I won't give them an inch more than the measure."

"Oh, Lor'!" ejaculated Baby.

Lady Gerardine's eyelashes flickered a second.

"Quiet!" she said, giving her niece a tap upon the shoulder.

Baby subsided, growling to herself like a tiger cub: "That nice prince . . . ! If Runkle does not start a new mutiny——!"

Sir Arthur surveyed his womankind a second with that singularly sweet smile of his. They were his womankind, part of his personal belongings; and therefore it never even dawned upon him that they could be anything but superlative of their degree; much less that they could form an independent opinion really unfavorable to himself. His niece's petulance affected him not otherwise than as an agreeable *émoustillage* in moments of relaxation such as these, as well as an opportunity for the display of his own indulgent wit and wisdom. He had a pride in her smart tongue as well as in her pretty looks; and Aspasia's most earnest attempts produced no more effect upon her distinguished relative than would the gambols of a kitten. Thus he now beamed upon her. In his early years of London society and successes he had been noted for that beautiful smile. "The ass with the seraphic smile," a light-hearted St. James' comrade had dubbed him, little guessing that his country would, in the future, consider so well of "the ass" as to confide some of the gravest interests of the Empire to his charge. In spite of which (all unknown to its distinguished wearer) the nickname stuck.

"I have given orders, my love," said the great man, once more addressing his wife, "for the cutting down of the group of banyan trees at the end of the garden. I know you and Aspasia rather liked that little jungle, but it was really a nasty bit. Now, I propose to have the place concreted and a summer-house erected—something in a pretty, artistic style, say Early English—or a Norwegian hut, perhaps, where you can sit without fear of snakes."

Again Baby felt a warning hand pressed upon her shoulder, and was fain, with crimson cheeks of wrath, to compress her lips in silence while Lady Gerardine drew a strand of silk through her needle and made a pretty little speech of thanks to her husband for his thoughtfulness.

"Why don't you carry the concrete down the garden walks," observed Miss Cuningham presently, with withering sarcasm, "and set up a rockery, with shells and things?"

Sir Arthur ignored the sally.

"You will be glad to hear, Rosamond," he proceeded presently, "that I have been successful in a matter to which I attach great importance. I have found, I think, the exact person I have wanted so long: the native secretary, you know. All these young civil service fellows, with their translations, are no use to me. And my work was positively at a standstill."

Irrepressible Aspasia sniffed. A faint look of weariness crossed Lady Gerardine's well-trained countenance. This book of Sir Arthur's—a history of the provinces confided to his charge, beginning from the earliest possible date and to be carried down to the triumphant conclusion of his own rule—this great work which was (as he was fond of saying) to be the monument of his career in India, was a subject which the Lieutenant-Governor's circle had learned to dread.

"Monument, indeed; it will be all our monuments!" had cried Aspasia one day, and Lady Gerardine had not rebuked.

The quaintest part about the matter, perhaps, was that, though Sir Arthur employed some half-dozen experts in obtaining material for him, and spent a fair part of his time in discussion of the matter provided, not one line of the folios which already filled his nest of drawers, some of which had been actually passed for press, had been either conceived or penned by the official author. And the guileless phrase, which often dropped from his lips: "I must really go; Macdonald" (or it might be Gray, or Captain Smith) "is waiting to read out to me the last chapter of my book," had ceased even to provoke a smile.

"It has always been my aim to get at the spirit of the people," said Sir Arthur, "to draw water from the source that springs in the soil of the land itself. Not a bad phrase that; I must suggest it to Macdonald."

"And what's the name of the particular native spring?" inquired the pert Miss Cuningham.

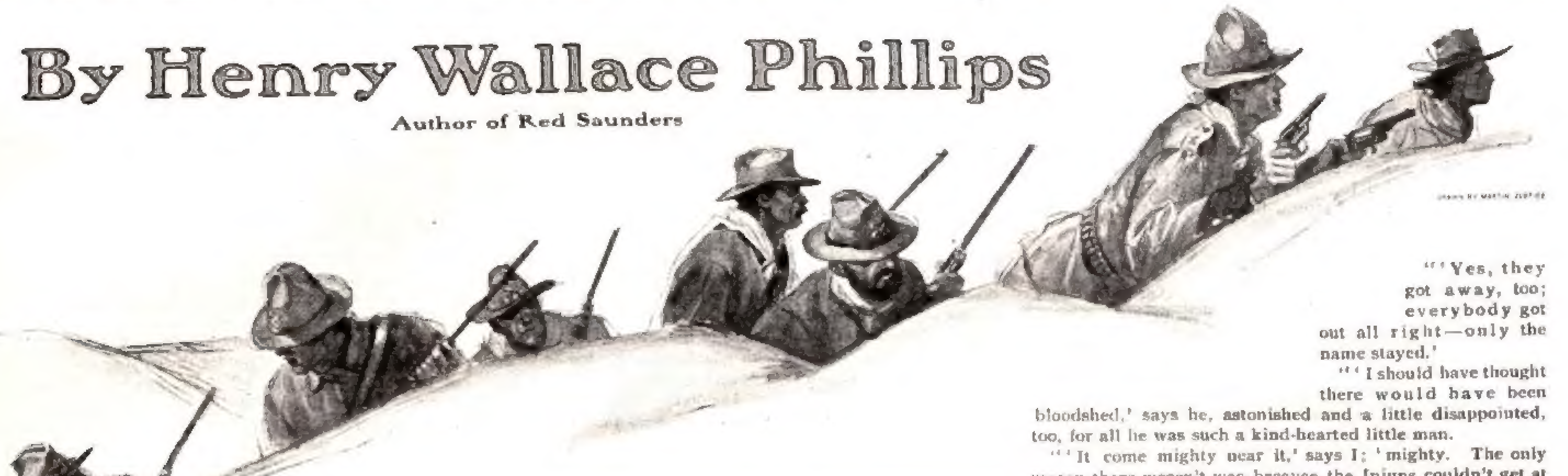
"His name"—Sir Arthur drew a letter from his pocket—"is Muhammed Saif-u-din, if it makes you much the wiser, my dear Aspasia. It seems he's quite a remarkable individual. Curiously enough, a Pathan. Pathans, a real fighting lot, don't, as a rule, take to the pen. Yes, quite a remarkable individual. The son of a subahdar—who thought it fine to let his son have an English education. Thought it, no doubt, a form of loyalty that would pay. However it may have been, the fellow's as poor as a rat in spite of his learning—proud as Lucifer, of course. Drop of princely blood in him, it appears." The Lieutenant-Governor smiled pityingly. "They generally have, if you believe them—ha! Read his letter, my dear," he went on, drawing a sheet from his pocketbook and tossing it in her lap; "it may amuse you to note the grandiloquence of the native style."

(*Continued on Page 23*)

The Fountain of Youth

By Henry Wallace Phillips

Author of Red Saunders



"ONCE upon a time," said Mr. Scraggs, "there come a profound peace on my household. It was 'Zeke, what kin I give you for dinner to-day?' and 'Zeke' this and that, until I says to myself, 'We're going to have cyclones followed by a heavy frost if I tarry here,' so I pulled my freight to Arizona, till this unnatural condition of things passed away. I understand Mrs. Scraggs in her war-paint, but Mrs. Scraggs with her eyes uprolled to Heaven and a white dove perched on each and every ear is a thing I'm not goin' to witness the spoilin' of, if I kin help it.

"I loafed around a little town, wearin' the counters shiny, entertainin' myself every minute by wonderin' what in thunder I'd do with the next one, till Fate, that's always seemed ready and eager to butt into my affairs, sent me down to the railroad station one morning.

"There got off'n the train a little stout man, with a clean baby skin and clean baby eyes. He looked as if he'd got born into this wicked world with a bald spot, gray side-whiskers and a pair of gold-rimmed specks. He made me feel sad—not that he weren't cheerful enough, but his rig was that of a parson, and a parson naturally reminded me of matrimony, and there was only one thing worse than loafing around Jim Creek, and that was matrimony. 'Yes,' I says to myself, lookin' at that nice, clean old gentleman, 'he little knows the trouble he's made in this world. And yet,' thinks I, willing to be square, 'I don't know as you could have kept 'em apart, even if there weren't no ministers. Man is born to trouble as a powder-mill is to fly upward. Male and female He made 'em, after their kind; and it's only reasonable that they've been after their kind ever since. And more'n that, that gentleman would have checked my wild career—he'd have held me down to one. So why should I wish to walk on his collar?'

"Whilest I was Hamlettin' to myself like that the old boy talked to the station agent. Billy leaned on the truck and pointed to me. 'There's your man right now,' says he; 'Mr. E. G. Washington Scraggs, the most famous guide and hunter in Arizona. I ain't got a doubt you can secure his services,' and off goes Billy.

"Railroad men get used to takin' life on the run, from eatin' to jokes. Bill never waited to see the effect of his little spring on me.

"My friend comes up to me. 'Is this Mr. Scraggs?' he says.

"'I am a modest man by nature,' says I; 'and yet I cannot deny it.'

"He made me a bow. I made him a bow.

"'I am told, Mr. Scraggs,' says he, 'that you are a celebrated guide and hunter?'

"'If you go through this land believing all that's told you,' says I, 'you'll have a queer sensation in your head. However, I can do plain guiding and hunting, all right. What am I to guide, and who am I to hunt?'

"'I shall explain to you,' says he, tàking off his specks and tapping his hand with 'em—he was a nice, home-raised old gentleman, but he sure did think his own affairs was interesting. 'It is this way,' says he: 'my ministerial labors have—er—exhausted, that is to say, prostrated me. My physician insisted I should come to this climate, where I am told it is exceedingly dry and healthful, and live entirely out-of-doors; to return to our healing mother, Nature; to salute the rosy youth of morning from a couch of sod, to bid farewell to Day from some yearning height, far from the petty madness of cities—what did you say, Mr. Scraggs?'

"'I said "Ya-a-s,"' says I, quick, because I'd forgot myself a trifle.

"'Ah!' says he, waving his specks in enthusiasm. 'The abiding peace of a life like yours!—I beg your pardon?'

"'I have an attack of this here bronco-kitus,' says I. 'I cough almost like conversation—go on.'

"'To live,' says he, 'in the great peace of these enormous spaces—to spread God's clean sky above you at the fall of night and pass into a sleep fanned by angels' wings! I have longed for that all my days.'

"'That's it!' says I. 'Pardner, you've struck it. There ain't one man in a thousand thinks of tuckin' the sky around him when he turns in, but many a time when I've shoveled the last batch of centipedes and tarantulas into the fire, petted a side-winder good-night, and fired a farewell shot at a scalplock vanishin' over the hill, I've thought that same thing. Oh! the soothin' gooley-woo of windin' yourself up in a bright-colored sunset and lyin' down to peaceful dreams! I sleep too hard to remember about the angels' wings.'

"I spoke so earnest he swallowed me whole. 'Centipedes and tarantulas,' says he, musin' (evidently he hadn't figured on 'em); 'an' what is a "side-winder," Mr. Scraggs?'

"'A "side-winder," sir,' says I, 'is a rattlesnake who travels on the bias, as I've heard my wife remark about her clothes—he's a kind of Freemason; he lets you in on the level and out on the queer.'

"'Rattlesnake?' says he; 'ha—hum—rattlesnake, yes, yes, yes—not dangerous, I hope?'

"'Oh, no!' says I. 'He bites you up somewhat, but it's only play.'

"Right here he got off a joke. It took some time—I see it comin.'

"'Rather dangerous *play*, that, Mr. Scraggs, heh?' says he. 'Ha, ha, ha!'

"Well, I reckon I enjoyed that joke as much as he did—the two of us laughed for five minutes. But, somehow, he looked so simple and innocent and foolish, my heart bucked on guyin' him. There wasn't no bad pretensions about him; it was only that the old ladies had told him he was a wonder so long, he'd been more'n a man if he hadn't come to believe it—it's pretty medium hard to keep to cases under them conditions. That's what made him cough so deep and important, and stand there with a frown on his brow, lookin' as if he knew a heap more than he could understand.

"I side-stepped. 'I gather,' says I, 'you want to go campin', and you want me to pilot you?'

"He just beamed on having the puzzle solved so simple. 'That's it exactly,' says he.

"'I guessed it almost from the first,' says I. 'Well, we want a team and blankets and a camp kit; that'll cost something.'

"'It isn't a question of cost,' said he, pulling out a cucumber and skinnin' much money off the top of it. 'You take that and secure what we need.'

"'I'll do what's right by you,' says I, and meant it. That afternoon the Rev. Percival Mervin and Mr. E. G. W. Scraggs pulled out with a team of mules for parts unknown. I had no more idee what kind of land we was runnin' into than Percival himself; howsomever, one country's a great deal like another, after all. But I gave him the history as we journeyed—oh, sure! Hadn't he come out for pleasure?

"'There,' says I, p'inting with the whip, 'is Dooley's Pillar, so called because a man by the name of Dooley, helped only by his widow, stood off eight ravagin', tearin' savages there for three weeks.'

"'Good-ness gra-cious!' says Percival. 'And did they escape?'

"'The Injuns? Oh, yes; they got away.'

"'No, I mean the Dooleys.'

"'Yes, they got away, too; everybody got out all right—only the name stayed.'

"'I should have thought there would have been bloodshed,' says he, astonished and a little disappointed, too, for all he was such a kind-hearted little man.

"'It come mighty near it,' says I; 'mighty. The only reason there weren't was because the Injuns couldn't get at 'em—don't you notice that cliff at the bottom?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, that goes completely around, and it ain't climbable, so the Injuns had to stay down.'

"'I see,' says he; and we rode three mile before he said: 'But how did the Dooleys get there?'

"'They was ketched by a tornado in Sore-toe Cañon, over yonder,' says I, 'and blowed right to the top—the Injuns chasin' 'em a-horseback and shootin' at 'em on the wing.'

"Percival he cleaned his glasses, looked hard at Dooley's Pillar, and give me his honest opinion.

"'It,' says he, 'is very remarkable.'

"I looked at him. It was; but too much like taking a loan out of a blind beggar's hat. 'F I'd been a decent man I'd quit. There was a fatal fascination about Percival, though—you wondered how much he *would* swaller—kind of spurred you up to heave something at him he'd see wasn't so. It needed a better man than me to do it. You never in all your life heard of such things as took place along that route. As he said, it made him glad to think he'd got holt of a man who had the history of the country at his fingers' ends.

"He showed nothing but a thirst for information when I pointed out Grant's Leap—the place where General Grant hopped to safety with three Apache arrows sticking in the fullness of his pants.

"'Why!' says Percival, 'I never heard that General Grant was out in this country.'

"I shook my head wise. 'No,' says I; 'he kept it dark.'

"'Nothing against his good name, I hope?' says he, anxious.

"'Not at all,' says I, warm. 'He done it to oblige a friend—it was told me in confidence, so I can't say more.'

"Just then we made a turn that brought Grant's Leap into better view. I'd thought it was a narrer slit, but it 'ud be a good horse-pistol that could carry across.

"'General Grant must have been very agile as a young man,' says Percival.

"'Not at all,' says I. 'It ain't more'n fifty feet, and that was before he was all wore out runnin' for the Presidency.'

"'Oh, I see,' says Percival. 'Don't think I meant to doubt you.'

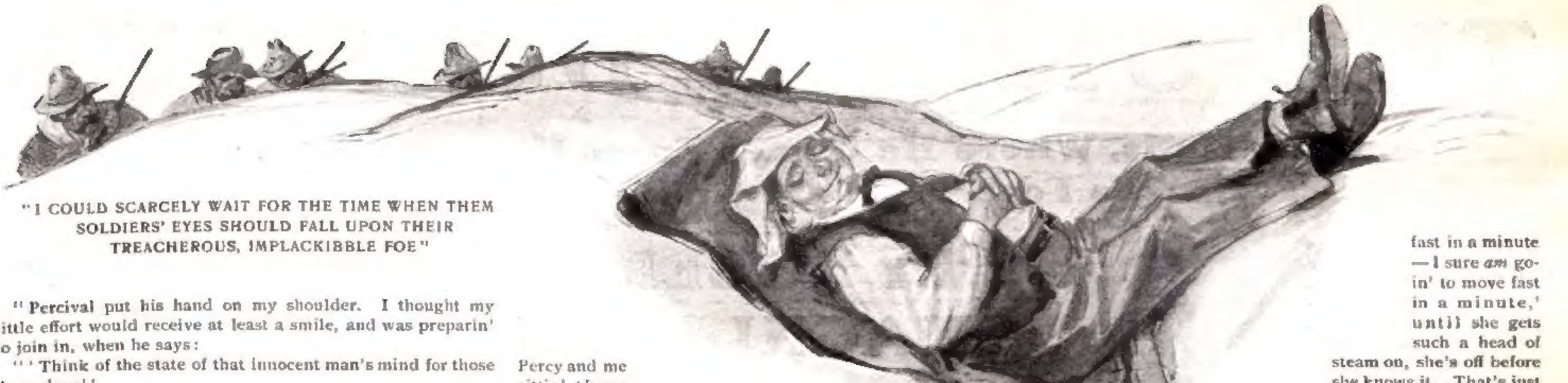
"'I didn't,' says I, my conscience biting me again.

"There was no help for it, though; he had to have a story of every queer-looking hole, rock, tree or mud-puddle we saw. There was one spooky-looking tree, dead on one side. 'Now,' thinks I, 'I shall lay you out and quit.'

"So I told him about how the vigilantes had wrongly suspected a man who peddled rubber hose of a murder, overtook him under that very tree, and, lacking rope, strung him with a section of his own goods, riding away without a look behind them. When the poor lad was yanked off the horse the hose stretched so his feet touched the ground: he gave a jump, went up high enough to loose the strain, swallowed a mouthful of air, and so forth. His hands being strapped behind him he couldn't help himself, but for three days he hopped up and down there, securing light refreshment by biting the leaves off the tree, which, strange to say, never put out green leaves on that side again.

"'And then he was rescued? Who did it?'

"'He was—the vigilantes did it. The reason they suspected him was that they found a receipted bill for fifty feet of garden hose in Ike's, the murdered man's, pocket. Knowing perfectly well that Ike never paid a bill in his life, that looked suspicious, but when they come to look at it closer they see the bill was made out to another man, and they hustled back. The pedler was game, though weary. They raised an axe to free him, but he hollers—one word to the jump—"Don't—waste—too—much—hose!"'



"I COULD SCARCELY WAIT FOR THE TIME WHEN THEM SOLDIERS' EYES SHOULD FALL UPON THEIR TREACHEROUS, IMPLACKIBBLE FOE"

"Percival put his hand on my shoulder. I thought my little effort would receive at least a smile, and was preparin' to join in, when he says:

"'Think of the state of that innocent man's mind for those three days!'

"Well, I tried to, to oblige Percival, but I just naturally couldn't; if it hadn't been a nut come loose under the wagon there'd been nothing left for me but to die right there.

"Only one thing marred the trip. We run across a man who asked where we was going.

"'Oh, out a little way!' says I.

"He looked at Percival. 'Here a minute!' says he. I went over to him. 'Look out for your eye!' he whispered. 'The 'Paches are up.'

"Well, I never paid any more attention to a man predictin' Injun troubles than I do to a farmer's kickin' about the weather, so I thanked him and we strolled on. I explained to Percival that the man was the well-known desperado, James Despard, of the Bloody Hand, and he was askin' me if I'd met any of his enemies.

"'He didn't look fierce,' says Percival.

"'That's his lay,' says I; 'he goes up to a man and don't look fierce, and the first thing you know there's a funeral.'

"About sunset we hit the place we aimed for: a nice, high spot with a pool of water, overlooking the valley for miles. It was straight on three sides, and a hard pull for the mules on the other; but a patch of grass to the back, timber handy, and the lookout it gave you, together with the water, made it worth the climb. Besides, it was the very spot where the Roosian Prince Porkandbeansky camped, time I guided him ten years before. I told Percival all about the Prince whilest I was cooking supper, thus giving him a line on the proper way to behave. It was enough to say the Prince done so-and-so—or didn't—to bring Percival into line easy for the rest of the trip.

"Well, we couldn't get under that blue coverlid of Percival's any too quick that night. I didn't mind a blanket thrown in, nor him, neither, for it was colder'n sin. We was good and tired. Broad sun-up when we woke.

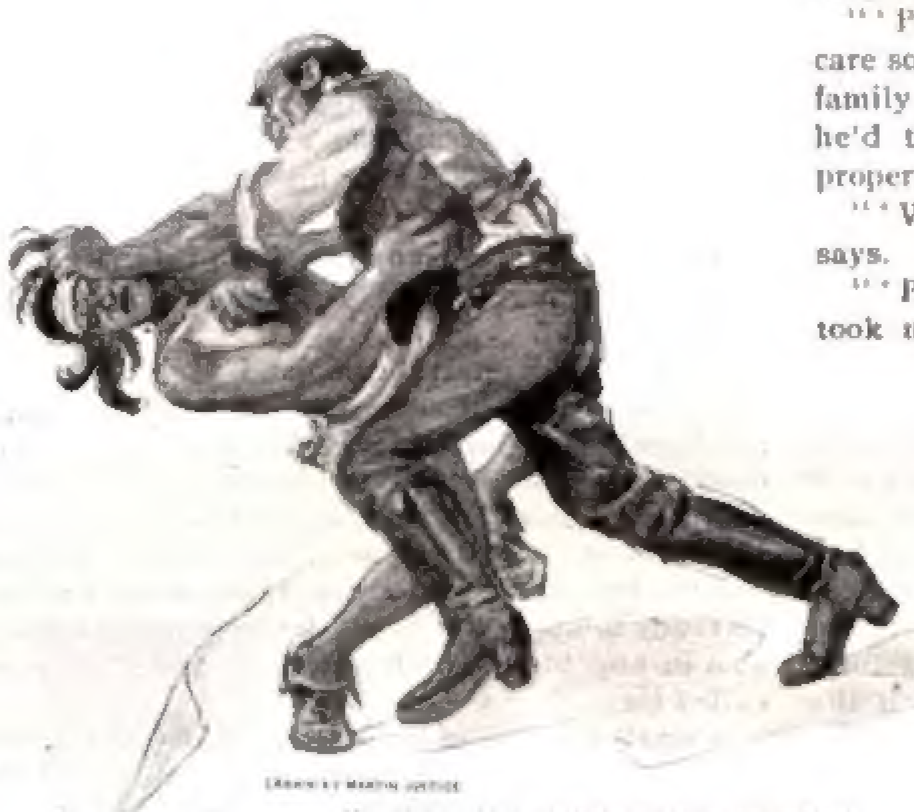
"Percival, he flew around like a cock-sparrer. Happy! The Lord save us! He sung little hymns, and trotted every step he took, his sunburnt little nose gleamin' with joy. It done you good to look at him. I took as much pride in him as though he was my sister's eldest—taught him to do this and that, till he was fit to bust with the glory of bein' such a camper. And forty times a day he'd explain to me how glad he was that I'd been his guide; how much he'd have missed otherwise. I suppose them yarns I told him had added to his romantic ideas about living uncomfortably out-of-doors, but every time he said it I felt mean again.

"Still, Satan mischief always finds for idle hands to do. After about five days of loafin' I turned the conversation to the uncertainty of things in general; we talked a good deal about it. I gradual come to particulars, and producin' a pack of playin'-cards, proceeded to show Percival how odd five of 'em dealt at a time would come out. He was interested, and I suggested that he sh'd take five, too, and he did; and the first thing you know I had everything that Percival owned, owin' to his misjudging the way them cards would fall. Then we divided again and went at it. At the end of the next week I was proud of Percival. He fronted me out of a plump jackpot without a tremble of a gray whisker, but, to save me, I couldn't get him to play cards. He said it was wicked and led to gamblin'—I dunno but what he's right at that. We had lots of fun with the Uncertainty of Things, anyhow, and saved our morals.

"At the end of three weeks us two was twin brothers. Old Percy told me in confidence he hadn't had a real friend for years before. And I liked him, you bet. We all has got our faults—why, even Mrs. Scraggs isn't free from 'em—but you scratch them off the top of Percival and you found a white man—the most trusting little critter in God and man, the kindest-hearted and the best-natured that ever lived. Honest, I couldn't sleep nights sometimes, thinking of the lies I told him, and if I'd never slept I couldn't 'a' quit—it was like leaving a starvin' nigger in charge of a hencoop.

"So things ambled along—not a jar. No rain, no crawling thing to spoil our fun, till one day just before dinner—Percy and me sittin' there with the blankets between us and our beans counted out at the side, raisin' and cross-liftin' each other, him having drawed one card whilest I took two to a pair of tens and a kicker, and made four tens—a shadder fell on the blanket. Percy was too busy wondering whether he'd better see my last raise to notice, but your Uncle Zeke has lived so long in lonesome and sometimes unhealthy places that the chill of that shadder, comin' so noiseless and unexpected, fell on his soul. Before I raised my eyes I looked at the shadder close; yes, there was a gun, and it was also an Injun.

"There ain't anything an Injun likes better than to sit tight and enjoy a cinch. He won't kill you as long as he can get some fun out of you.



DRAWN BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"I WAS ALL OVER THAT INJUN"

"I ain't sayin' what I felt, but old pink-and-white Percival was there, babe in the woods, dependin' on me, and me covered by an Apache rifle!

"'How!' says I, throwin' it careless over my shoulder.

"There was a still second. Then the Injun answers, 'Huh!'

"Percy looked up, pleased and surprised.

"'Why, there's an Indian!' says he.

"'Go on with the game,' says I, cross. 'Don't stare at him—he has feelin's.'

"Percy got red. 'I beg your pardon!' he says to the Injun—then to me: 'What does he want?'

"I made up my mind Percy wasn't goin' to be scart if I could help it. If he *had* to go let him go quick, without waiting. They made me wait once, and while it didn't come to nothing, I don't think I should ever really care for it.

"'He wants to rassel me,' I answers. 'Great people for sports, Injuns, and curious how they go at it. He expects me to surprise him—let's see, how many have you got there?'

"I bent over, to get my legs loose, so I could jump, and also to get a quick peep at circumstances. There wasn't but the lone buck. I worked the cat racket. You know how a cat does? She sits still, thinkin' 'I'm goin' to move fast in a minute—I sure *am* goin' to move fast in a minute,' until she gets such a head of steam on, she's off before she knows it. That's just what I done, exactly. I was all over that Injun, kicked his gun out of reach and heaved him over the steepest side before you could say 'Keno.'

"Percy was surprised and displeased. He put on his specks and trotted quick to the edge.

"'Washington,' says he, 'you have hurt that man!'

"'Oh, I guess not,' says I. 'He's used to this country.'

"I hadn't hurt him half as much as I'd liked. If you slapped a white man straight down a hundred foot on top of a pile of rocks he'd depart like a Christian, but my red friend and brother promptly wriggled off behind the boulders.

"I dassen't shoot. There might be a twenty of 'em in hearing, and, besides, no need of worryin' poor Percy, trustin' to E. G. W., any sooner than I had to.

"'It seems to me, Washington,' says Percy, 'that's *very* rough play.'

"'Percy,' says I, 'as you may have read, an Injun don't care so much about being hurt as he does for supportin' his family pride. If I'd only chucked him fifteen foot or so he'd thought I didn't respect his powers of endurance proper, and like enough wouldn't 'a' spoke to me if we met.'

"'Well, of course, *you* know all about these things,' he says. 'But to me it is *very* surprising.'

"'Percy,' says I to him again, real earnest, 'if a man took note of all the things in this world that are surprisin' it wouldn't be no time before every tree in the forest looked like an exclamation mark to him.'

"'I suppose,' says Percy, waggin' his head, wise, 'that's quite true.'

"And if there'd been fifty million Injuns ready to fricassee us the next minute I couldn't 'a' helped havin' another attack of that bronco-kitus that troubled me so.

"But your Uncle Zeke wasn't so cussed hilarious for the next four days. I expected that Injun back with his friends every minute, and what with watchin' all night and joshin' Percy all day I was plumb wore out. He made me kind of mad by not noticin' things was wrong, although that's the impression I'd labored to create upon him, as he'd say.

"The Injun didn't come, and he didn't come till I got mad at him, too. How was I to know that he finished up my idee by fallin' over, further down? So I fumed and I fussed, and I yearned inside of me to get square with somebody. And at last my chance come.

"Afternoon, hot and clear as usual. Percy asleep under a rock, and then, horses' footsteps! I jumped for the edge, and boys, for a minute my sight give out. It wasn't Injuns; it was a lot of Uncle Sam's durned old soldiers. I never expected to be so glad to see a soldier; I thought I despised 'em.

"I looked at 'em for a full half minute, thinking, 'God bless old Percy's blistered nose, he's safe!' and then I done what I hadn't orter did, out of that desire to get even. I slid down the mountain and whanged away over their heads. It was like pokin' your finger in a hornets' nest. Up comes them soldiers, workin' the finest of Injun sneaks up the hill. If there ever was a grand sight in Nature it's a two-hundred-pound soldier entirely concealed by a rock twice the size of my fist.

"Y-a-as, here they come; and I flitted my red handkercher, like it was a 'Pache's headdress, leadin' 'em on to where Percy was. I got there first and crawled into a cave where I could watch. I looked at Percy, sleeping, remarkin' 'whooo-whisssh!' at regular intervals, his little baby face surrounded by his white handkercher, his little fat hands folded on his little fat stomach, and I could scarcely wait for the time when them soldiers' eyes should fall upon their treacherous, fierce and implackibble foe.

"The lieutenant was a kid just gradooated—one of the kind that thinks it's glorious to get killed and read about it in the papers. He led his men into the simple quiet of our

(Concluded on Page 20)

THE STRIKE BREAKER

Who He Is, Where He Comes From, How He Cares for His Forces and Organizes for Action

By ROBERT SHACKLETON

VERY recently I was looking over a roll of names in an office in New York. There were cards contained in drawers and arranged in classified departments. So far as appearances were concerned it was precisely the same as the card catalogue of a library; but as a matter of fact it was all prepared for a very different purpose.

On each card was written the name of a man, with his address and a statement of his occupation; and often there were a few words additional, in succinct comment as to record or character. There were some six hundred machinists listed, there were about as many boilermakers, there were carpenters, teamsters, printers and men of other vocations, and there were "handy men," capable of doing divers things, best in some particular line but fit for metamorphosis. There were some 3000 names in all, and men of widely separated localities were listed; but that room in New York represented potential organization.

In rolls such as that lies the power of the strike-breaker—a man whose class of work has but recently been established and which has still more recently reached an astonishing development.

It is a factor of singular interest, this which has so unexpectedly come to affect the relations of industry. It is too early, as yet, to gauge its final importance with much approach to certainty; but employers and employed feel an equal sense of its possible consequence, an equal concern in watching its further growth.

So naturally has the new development come about that it seems strange that it did not come long ago. It is a case of evolution; yet, though the processes of this evolution have been open to the sight of all, the final consummation has been unexpected.

For years the employed have been powerfully perfecting their organization. For years employers have been getting their own strength in hand. Long ago it seemed as if the lines were permanently drawn between the two, and that whenever a contest should come, developing into a strike, it would be only a question of whether employer or employed were in that particular instance the stronger.

But the new idea is to hold men in hand ready to proceed to any part of the country and prepared to take the place of strikers in any line of work: not unskilled men, picked up at random, after a need has arisen, but men of efficiency in the particular department of work in which they are called for. For a strike of carpenters, carpenters are to be ready; if builders or boilermakers are wanted there must be builders and boilermakers to fill the gap; if a street-railway line in any city finds itself minus its employees the strike-breaker is expected to see that new motormen and conductors materialize.

And all this is very different from efforts at strike-breaking which have obtained in the past: efforts made with the help of hastily gathered and unorganized men. For the very essence of the new movement is organization, and in the most recent developments the strike-breaker retains personal command of his men and does not merely turn over so many hundreds of them where needed.

In the carrying out of his plans the strike-breaker depends upon the potency of two forces, one old and one new. The new force, hitherto latent and unsuspected, has been discovered by himself, and the old force is one which is very old indeed but which has never before been used with anything of system in such a connection.

It is within the last five years—it is practically within the past three years—that the new system definitely began its development; it is very recently that its strength has begun to be realized. Formerly employment agencies were called upon at random, and men were sought out in the highways and hedges, so to speak, and advertisements for workers were published in distant cities. As the new system develops such aids will less and less be relied upon.

Necessarily, of the men who are regularly enrolled under the new system there will always be a proportion who will be unable to respond when a call is made; but the strike-breakers believe that by far the greater number can be depended upon.

There are at least two strike-breaking bureaus in New York that have adopted the elaborate system of keeping enrolled a force who await a demand for their services; there are two in Massachusetts; there is at least one in Chicago.

A New Captain in Industrial Warfare

AT THE head of one of those in New York is a man who, having served an apprenticeship with the concern to which I referred at the opening of this article, perceived a point in which the system could be importantly strengthened, and straightway set about the task.

It is he who has set the example of holding the strike-breaking force firmly under his own control, instead of being content with furnishing a certain number of men of a specified line of capability, and his example is sure to be followed, for it gives an element of centralized strength which was hitherto absent.

He not only retains command of his men, but assumes charge of matters of subsistence and daily management, and is himself the paymaster, thus bringing about an entire centralization of power. In his own case the strike-breaking efforts have thus far been applied solely in the direction of strikes of street-railway men, but there is no doubt that he, and the few others who are working along similar lines, will be ready to apply the latest developments of the new profession in any branch of business in which their services are called for.

A small number of men are held in hand, under pay, constantly, and till a strike arises are utilized in general work as private detectives or spies, and they make a nucleus around which reënforcements can be swiftly gathered. A few corporations have begun to pay regular retainers to one or another of the strike-breaking managers, and this renders somewhat of constant expenditure possible and indeed expected. The bulk of the men relied upon are scattered through the country, and most of them, at the time a summons comes, are busied with other vocations—work which they are expected to leave, although the prospect of double pay would seem to the average man but poor compensation. But that is just the point—the men are not of the average kind!

The strike-breaker knows that there are a large number of men, even in this twentieth century, who are as eager for a time of adventure as ever were the men of the Middle Ages. A certain number of such men become regular soldiers, but to most of them an army career is distasteful, on account of too much regularity and being tied too hard and fast, or else circumstances have not been such as to turn them in the direction of an enlistment. The love of adventurous excitement, with as much as possible of freedom still retained, is the feature of their character which is to be depended upon.

These are such men as those who, in the Middle Ages and even in much later times, went from one country to another as soldiers of fortune; men such as Dugald Dalgetty, or like those who followed the standard of Hawkwood from the territories of one prince to another, now taking part in one fight and now in another.

This principle in mankind is the ancient force which has been rediscovered and applied to their own uses by the professional breakers of strikes.

Numbers of the adventure-loving men are well-to-do; among them are some of really good education; as a class they average high as men to be depended upon to take risks and obey orders. Most of them are quite ready to leave good employment when a call comes, for the love of adventure irresistibly draws them, and as it is the "handy men" who principally form this class it can be readily understood why they have little fear of not finding other work when their services in a strike, at unusually high pay, are no longer required.

But even more interesting is the latent and unsuspected force which has been discovered and applied—the organization of the unorganized!

Workingmen are now well organized. But heretofore it has not occurred to any one to organize, in antagonism to them, those who are outside of the unions.

There are men who have been dismissed from workingmen's unions; there are malcontents; there are some who are opposed to the unions from prejudice or principle; and there is the sadder class of those who, though they have been strong union men and still perhaps are so at heart, have found the unions unable to protect them, and, desirous of working at the trade for which they are best fitted, find themselves almost forced to join the hostile ranks—men, these, who have been active in the union cause in some strike, and afterward, when the strike is over and they have been taken back with others not so prominent, have found themselves discharged for some ostensible cause disconnected with anything for which their fellow-workers can take up their quarrel, and afterward find it impossible to find employment—for blacklisting, or what amounts to that, is an active force in certain lines. Upon this class the professional strike-breaker places great reliance, for it supplies him with a number of well-trained men.

The Present Strength of the New System

A RECENT happening in the city of New York was impressively illuminative in its exhibition of the present strength of the new system, which has already taken such swift root, and in its shadowing forth of possible greater strength in the future.

A strike was threatened on the lines of the elevated railway—and it will give an impression of the present power of the unions to explain that the strike was threatened by some 4000 men employed by the elevated system on account of dissatisfaction with the scale of wages announced for the employees of another system, the subway, controlled by the same capital, but which at that time had not begun operation. It would seem as if organization could go little further than for the men of one line to stand together in regard to the affairs of a line unopened. But strength was soon confronted with strength.

Silently into New York there came an army of a thousand men, each one qualified to work on an electric road. They came singly or in pairs, they came without ostentation, without the waving of banners and the flourish of trumpets. And these men came prepared to hold in their hands an important factor in the comfort of hundreds of thousands of citizens for as many days as should be necessary.

They all reported to one man, and he, like a general, saw to their organization and maintenance, their way of living, their comings and goings. There were cooks and waiters for the wants of the inner man; there were barbers for the outer. There were dormitories and cots. There was every preparation which could have been made for the maintenance of an actual army of that number of men.

It was known that at any hour the strike might be declared, and therefore it was arranged that on each of the elevated trains there were to be at least two men riding, unnoticed, as passengers, who were ready to assume the positions of motorman and guard. At the dormitories the men were drilled in the calling of the stations, and they were also drilled in the more important matter of the system of signals. And thus the strike-breaker in charge of this little army was prepared to continue the operation of trains, no matter at what hour they might be deserted by the regular employees.

Nor was this all. There were preparations made for the aid of the possible injured, and there were lawyers retained, ready to proceed to the police courts, there to represent any of the strike-breaking force who might be arrested on whatever charge. Without this care the forces of the army might have been seriously depleted, especially if scenes of violence had occurred.

Now, it is probable that not every one of these details was part of the original plan of the leader. He must have adopted some suggestions made by the managers of the road. But he and other strike-breakers will doubtless make use of all of them, with new ideas additional, when the next case shall arise. As has been said, the whole thing has been a matter of development.

In this New York case strong political considerations operated to bring about a settlement, whereupon this army of a thousand folded their tents like the Arabs and stole away as silently as they had appeared.

This same man, under whose command there were such thorough preparations to break the impending strike in New York, has done other similar work within the last three years, but has till now been able to keep his light under a bushel, where he fain would still have it, for publicity is not a source of strength to him. A year or so ago he took three hundred men to San Francisco in anticipation of a strike, and there, too, the strike did not take place. These new conditions, and the centralization of strength on either side, operate to make all concerned more chary of a conflict.

The men of the unions are frankly dubious as to how best to meet these new developments. They are far from admitting that there is reason for downheartedness, but they say that their own plans of action must be matured with care. Thus far, in industrial questions as in all others, development on the part of an antagonistic force has entailed a sequent counter development, and it will be interesting to know what form the opposition will take.

A system of spies is an important part of present-day strike-breaking. Corporations admit, unreservedly, that they pay men whose business it is to join the labor organizations and keep in touch with all their proceedings, and in particular to give timely warning of any intended strike.

One large trust has for an important motto, "Avoid a strike if possible." Spies keep the managers of the mills informed; and in most cases, when a strike cannot otherwise be avoided, the mill where it is to occur is suddenly shut down, and the would be strikers find themselves out of work without having had a chance to give voice to discontent or to formulate demands. With so many mills under its control this corporation can do temporarily without the use of any one, for the work can be turned into other channels.

On the whole, thus far the advent of the man who makes the breaking of strikes a business has operated to the discouragement of strikes; and when a strike occurs it is better to combat it by businesslike display of organized tactics than to make use of arbitrary power, and crush the industry of a town out of existence, as was done in a Pennsylvania town on the ground that it was a "hotbed of unionism." The mills were dismantled, the machinery was moved to other cities, and not a wheel has since been turned there, not a fire has been lighted; which is a severer form of punishment than even the most successful of strike-breakers has either the power or the desire to inflict.

The old-fashioned way of meeting a strike was for the owners to lock the mills, or shut down the works, and then for both parties to do a minimum of negotiation and a maximum of waiting, till at length one side or the other was tired and surrendered at more or less discretion.

But with the growth of business there came to the operators of large concerns a realizing sense of the magnitude of their loss by cessation of work, and so the putting to work of outside men was attempted.

That there are always tens of thousands out of work, or even hundreds of thousands, was the mainstay of this system, and men were gathered from all quarters; and some years ago a feature which plays a prominent part in the most recent strike-breaking began to be observed—that of segregating the men and providing them with food and quarters.

But the present-day strike-breakers utilize a radically different principle in their disregard, so far as possible, of men who are out of work, and their reliance upon such as are somewhere employed. They know that many an individual of most admirable character may be out of work, and with no fault of his own; but when they need to recruit hundreds they fear to recruit them from the idle. Anomalous though it seems, they trust to men who are to leave other employment. This feature clearly differentiates the strike-breaking bureau from the employment agency.

As part of the new system, there are corporations who have an understanding by which they are to aid one another with men in case of a strike. It has been said that they frankly lend, from one city to another, trusted employees who are entirely in the interests of the employers. This is strenuously denied by certain corporations that have been confronted with the charge; but it is a fact that although men are not actually lent, which would give great offense to the unions and needlessly aggravate ill-feeling, there is with some companies a system under which certain men may resign their places, for two weeks or a month at a time, and then—entirely by accident, of course—these men are soon working as strike-breaking employees in another city.

There are at least 15,000 men now enrolled at the headquarters of the strike-breakers. One bureau alone makes claim to the names of more than that, but rivals say that this must certainly be a premature estimate, as the system has not been in force sufficiently long to gain so many men who can be soberly relied upon. However that may be, the system promises to expand rapidly, and any premature estimate of to-day is likely to seem very small a few years hence.

THE ENCHANTED HAT

The Adventure of My Lady's Letter

By HAROLD MacGRATH

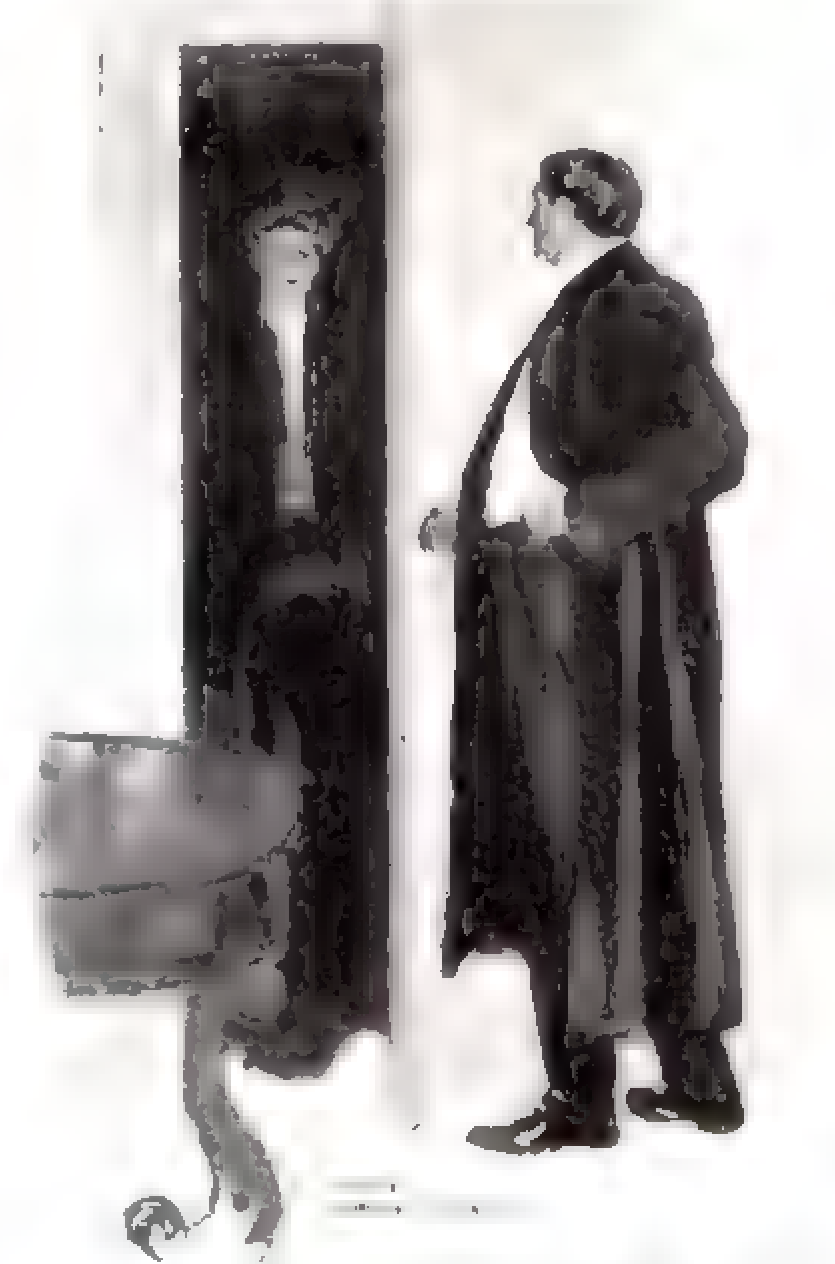
IT WAS half after six when I entered Martin's from the Broadway side. I chose a table by the north wall and sat down on the cushioned seat. I ordered dinner, and the ample proportions of it completely hoodwinked the waiter as to the condition of my cardiac affliction: being, as I was, desperately and hopelessly and miserably in love. Old owls say that a man cannot eat when he is in love. He can if he is mad at the way the object of his affections has treated him; and I was mad. To be sure, I cannot recall what my order was, but the amount of the waiter's check is still vivid to my recollection.

I glanced about. The café was crowded, as it usually is at this hour. Here and there I caught glimpses of celebrities and familiar faces: journalists, musicians, authors, artists and actors. This is the time they drop in to be pointed out to strangers from out of town. It's a capital advertisement. To-night, however, none of these interested me in the slightest degree; rather their animated countenances angered me. How *could* they laugh and look happy!

At my left sat a young man about my own age. He was also in evening dress. At my right a benevolent old gentleman, whose eyeglasses balanced neatly upon the end of his nose, was deeply interested in the Law Journal and a pint of mineral water. A little beyond my table was an exiled Frenchman, and the irritating odor of absinthe drifted at times across my nostrils.

With my coffee I ordered a glass of Dantzic, and watched the flakes of beaten gold waver and settle; and presently I devoted myself entirely to my own particularly miserable thoughts. . . . To be in love and in debt! To be with the gods one moment and hunted by a bill-collector the next! To have the girl you love snub and dismiss you for no more lucid reason than that you did not attend the dance at the Country Club when you promised you would! It did not matter that you had a case on that night from which depended a large slice of your bread and butter; no, that did not matter. Neither did the fact that you had mixed the dates. You had promised to go, and you hadn't gone or notified the girl that you wouldn't go. Your apologetic telegram she had torn into halves and returned the following morning, together with a curt note to the effect that she could not value the friendship of a man who made and broke a promise so easily. It was all over. It was a dashed hard world. How the deuce do you win a girl, anyhow?

Supposing, besides, that you possessed a rich uncle who said that on the day of your wedding he would make over to you fifty thousand in Government three per cents? Hard, wasn't it? Suppose that you were earning about two thousand the year, and that the struggle to keep up smart appearances was a keen one. Wouldn't you have been eager to marry, especially the girl you loved? A man cannot buy flowers twice a week, dine before and take supper after the theatre twice a week, belong (and pay dues and house-accounts) to a country club, a town club and keep respectable bachelor apartments on two thousand . . . and save anything. And suppose the girl was independently rich? Heigho!



THE GIRL HERSELF STOOD ON THE THRESHOLD

I find that a man needs more money in love than he does in debt. This is not to say that I was ever very hard pressed; but I hated to pay ten dollars "on account" when the total was only twenty. You understand me, don't you? If you don't somebody who reads this will. Of course, the girl knew nothing about these things. A young man always falls into the fault of magnifying his earning capacity to the girl he loves. You see, I hadn't told her yet that I loved her, though I was studying up somebody on Moral and Physical Courage for that purpose.

And now it was all over!

I did not care so much about my uncle's gold bonds, but I did think a powerful lot of the girl. Why, when I recall the annoyances I've put up with from that kid brother of hers! Pshaw, what's the use?

His mother called him "Toddy-One-Boy," in memory of a book she had read long years ago. He was six years old, and I never think of him without that jingle coming to mind:

> Little Willie choked his sister,
> She was dead before they missed her
> Willie's always up to tricks
> Ain't he cute, and only six!

He had the face of a Bouguereau cherub, and mild blue eyes such as we are told inhabit the countenances of angels. He was the most innocent-looking chap you ever set eyes on. His mother called him an angel; I should hate to tell you what the neighbors called him. He lacked none of that subtle humor so familiar in child-life. Heavens! the deeds I could (if I dared) enumerate. They turned him loose among the comic supplements one Sunday, and after that it was all over.

Hadn't he emptied his grandma's medicine capsules and substituted cotton? And hadn't dear old gran'ma come downstairs three days later, saying that she felt much improved? Hadn't he beaten out the brains of his toy bank and bought up the peanut man on the corner? Yes, indeed! And hadn't he taken my few letters from his sister's desk and played postman up and down the street? His papa thought it all a huge joke till one of the neighbors brought back a dunning dressmaker's bill that had lain on the said neighbor's porch. It was altogether a different matter then. Toddy-One-Boy crawled under the bed that night, and only his mother's tears saved him from a hiding.

All these things I thought over as I sat at my table. She knew that I would have gone had it been possible. Women and logic are only cousins-german. Six months ago I hadn't been in love with any one but myself, and now the Virgil of love's young dream was leading me like a new Dante through *his* Inferno, and was pointing out the foster-brother of Sisyphus (if he had a foster-brother), pushing the stone of my lady's favor up the steeps of Forlorn Hope. Well, I would go up to the club, and if I didn't get home till mor-r-ning, who was there to care?

The Frenchman had gone, and the benevolent old gentleman. The crowd was thinning out. The young man at my left rose, and I rose also. We both stared thoughtfully at the hat-rack. There hung two hats: an opera-hat and a dilapidated old stovepipe. The young fellow reached up and, quite naturally, selected the opera-hat. He glanced into it, and immediately a wrinkle of annoyance darkened his brow. He held the hat toward me.

"Is this yours?" he asked

I looked at the label

"No." The wrinkle of annoyance sprang from his brow to mine. My opera-hat had cost me eight dollars.

The young fellow laughed rather lamely. "Do you live in New York?" he asked

I nodded

"So do I," he continued; "and yet it is evident that both of us have been neatly caught." He thought for a moment, then brightened. "I'll tell you what; let's match for the good one.

I gazed indignantly at the rusty stovepipe "Done" said I.

I lost; I knew that I should; and the young fellow walked off with the good hat. Then, with the relic in my hand, a waiter and myself began a systematic search My hat was nowhere to be found. How the deuce was I to get uptown to the club? I couldn't wear the old plug, I wasn't rich enough for such an eccentricity. I had nothing but a silk hat at the apartment, and I hated it because it was always in the way when I entered carriages and elevators

Angrily I strode up to the cashier's desk and explained the situation, leaving my address and the number of my apartment; my name wasn't necessary.

Troubles never come singly. Here I had lost my girl and my hat, to say nothing of my temper, which of the three was most certain to be found again. I passed out of the café, bareheaded and hotheaded. I hailed a cab and climbed in. I had finally determined to return to my rooms and study. I simply could not afford to be seen with that stovepipe hat either on my head or under my arm. Had I been green from college it is probable that I should have worn it proudly and defiantly. But I had left college behind these six years.

Hang these old duffers who are so absent-minded! For I was confident that the benevolent old gentleman was the cause of all this confusion. Inside the cab I tried on the thing, just to get a picture in my mind of the old gentleman going it up Broadway with my opera-hat on his head. The hat sagged over my ears; and I laughed. The picture I had conjured up was too much for my anger, which vanished suddenly. And once I had laughed I felt a trifle more agreeable toward the world. So long as a man can see the funny side of things he has no active desire to leave life voluntarily; and laughter does more to lighten his sorrows than sympathy, which only aggravates them.

After all, the old gentleman would feel the change more sharply than I. This was, in all probability, the only hat he had I turned it over and scrutinized it. It was a genteel old beaver, with an air of respectability that was quite convincing. There was nothing smug about it, either. It suggested amiability in the man who had recently possessed it. It suggested also a mild contempt for public opinion, which is always a sign of superior mentality and advanced years. I began to draw a mental portrait of the old man. He was a family lawyer, doubtless, who lived in the past and hugged his retrospections. When we are young there is never any vanishing point to our day-dreams. Well, well; on the morrow he would have a new hat, of approved shape and pattern; unless, indeed, he possessed others like this which had fallen into my keeping. Perhaps he would soon discover his mistake, return to the café and untangle the snarl. I sincerely hoped he would. As I remarked, my hat had cost me eight dollars.

I soon arrived at my apartments, and got into a smoking-jacket. I rather delight in lolling around in a dress-shirt; it looks so like the pictures we see in the fashionable novels. I picked up Blackstone and turned to his "promissory notes." I had two or three out myself. It was nine o'clock when the hall-boy's bell rang, and I placed my ear to the tube. A gentleman wished to see me in regard to a lost hat.

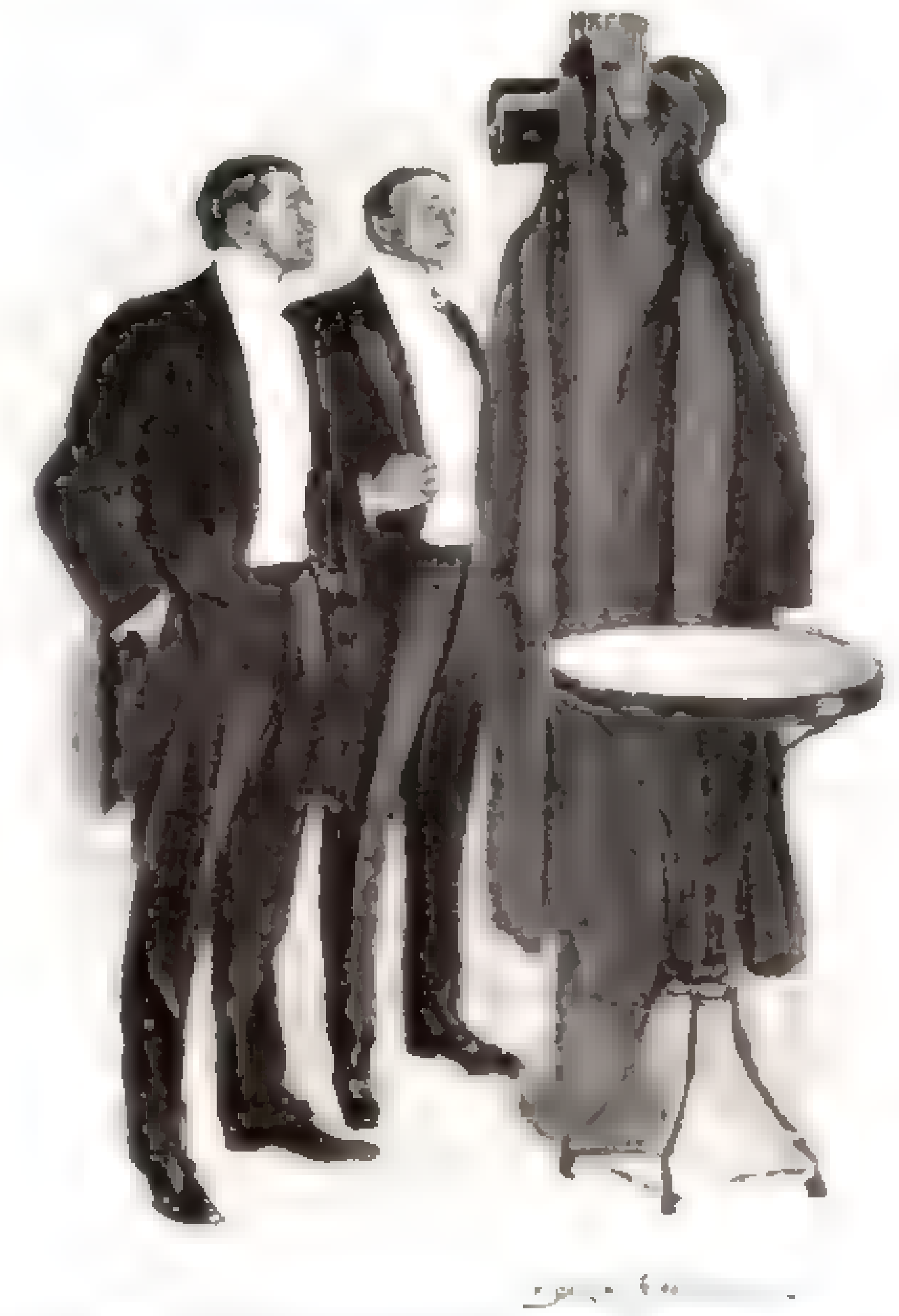
"Send him up, James; send him up!" I bawled down the tube. Visions of the club returned, and I tossed Blackstone into a corner.

Presently there came a tap on the door, and I flung it wide. But my visitor was not the benevolent old gentleman. He was the Frenchman whose absinthe had offended me. He glanced at the slip of paper in his hand.

"I have zee honaire to address zee—ah—gentleman in numbaire six?"

"I live here."

"Delight'! We have meexed zee hats, I have zee r-r-regret. Ees thees your hat?" He held out, for my inspection, an opera-hat. "I am *so* absent-mind'—what you call dee-strait?" affably



WE BOTH STARED THOUGHTFULLY AT THE HAT-RACK

I took the hat, which at first glance I thought to be mine, and went over to the rack, taking down the old stovepipe.

"This is yours, then?" I said, smiling

"Thousand thanks, m'sieu! Eet ees certain mine. I have zee honnire to beg pardon for zee confusion. My compliments! Good-night!"

Without giving the hat a single glance, he clapped it on his head, bowed and disappeared, leaving me with his card He hadn't been gone two minutes when I discovered that the hat he had exchanged for the stovepipe was *not* mine. It came from the same firm, but the initials proved it without doubt to belong to the young fellow I had met at the table. I said some uncomplimentary things. Where the deuce *was* my hat? Evidently the benevolent old gentleman hadn't waked up yet.

Ting-a-ling! It was the boy's bell again.

"Well?"

"Another man after a hat. What's goin' on?"

"Send him up!" I yelled. It came over me that the Frenchman had made a second mistake.

I was not disappointed this time in my visitor. It was the benevolent old gentleman. Evidently he had not located *his* hat either, and might not for some time to come. I began to believe that I had given it to the Frenchman. He seemed terribly excited.

"You are the gentleman who occupies number six?"

"Yes, sir. This is my apartment. You have come in regard to a hat?"

"Yes, sir My name is Chittenden. Our hats got mixed up at Martin's this evening; my fault, as usual. I am always doing something absurd, my memory is so bad. When I discovered my mistake I was calling on the family of a client with whom I had spent most of the afternoon. I missed some valuable papers, legal documents. I believed as usual that I had forgotten to take them with me. They were nowhere to be found at the house. My client has a very mischievous son, and it seems that he stuffed the papers behind the inside band of my hat. With them there was a letter. I have had two very great scares. A great deal of trouble would ensue if the papers were lost. I just telephoned that I had located the hat." He laughed pleasantly.

Good Heavens! here was a howdy-do.

"My dear Mr. Chittenden, there has been a great confusion," I faltered. "I had your hat, but—but you have come too late"

"Too late?" he roared, or I should say, to be exact, shouted

"Yes, sir."

"What have you done with it?"

"Not five minutes ago I gave it to a Frenchman, who seemed to recognize it as his. It was the Frenchman, if you will remember, who sat near your table in the café."

"And this hat isn't yours, then?" helplessly.

"This" was a flat-brimmed hat of the Paris boulevards, the father of all stovepipe hats, dear to the Frenchman's heart.

"Candidly, now," said I with a bit of excusable impatience, "do I look like a man who would wear a hat like that?"

He surveyed me miserably through his eyeglasses.

"No, I can't say that you do. But what in the world am I to do?" He mopped his brow in the ecstasy of anguish. "The hat must be found. The legal papers could be replaced, but . . . You see, sir, that boy put a private letter of his sister's in the band of that hat, and it must be recovered at all hazards."

"I am very sorry, sir."

"But what shall I do?"

"I do not see what can be done save for you to leave word at the café. The Frenchman is doubtless a frequenter, and may easily be found If you had come a few moments sooner . . ."

With a gurgle of dismay he fled, leaving me with a half finished sentence hanging on my lips and the Frenchman's chapeau hanging on my fingers. And *my* hat; where was *my* hat? (I may as well add here, in parenthesis, that the disappearance of my eight-dollar hat still remains a mystery. I have had to buy a new one.)

So the boy had put a letter of his sister's in the band of the hat, I mused. How like *her* kid brother! It seemed that more or less families had "Toddy-One-Boys" to look after. Pshaw! what a muddle because a man couldn't keep his thoughts from wool-gathering.

Well, here I had two hats, neither of which was mine. I could, at a pinch, wear the opera hat, as it was the exact size of the one I had lost. But what was to be done with the Frenchman's? . . . Fool that I was! I rushed over to the table The Frenchman had left his card, and I had forgotten all about it. And I hadn't asked the benevolent old gentleman where he lived. The Frenchman's card read: "M. de Beausire, No. — Washington Place." I decided to go myself to the address, state the matter to M. de Beausire, and rescue the letter. I knew all about these "Toddy-One-Boys," and I might be doing some girl a signal service.

I looked at my watch. It was closing on to ten. So I reluctantly got into my coat again, drew on a topcoat, and donned the hat that fitted me. Probably the girl had been writing some fortunate fellow a love letter. No gentleman will ever overlook a chance to do a favor for a young girl in distress. I had scarcely drawn my stick from the umbrella-jar when the bell rang once again.

"Hello!" I called down the tube Why couldn't they let me be?

"Lady wants to see you, sir."

"A lady!"

"Yes, sir. A real lady; l-a-d-y. She says she's come to see the gentleman in number six about a plug hat. What's the graft, anyway?

"A plug hat!"

"Yes, sir; a plug-hat. She seems a bit anxious. Shall I send her up? She's a peach."

"Yes, send her up," I answered feebly enough

And now there was a woman in the case! I wiped the perspiration from my brow and wondered what I should say to her. A woman. . . . By Jove! the sister of the mischievous boy! Old Chittenden must have told her where he had gone, and as he hasn't shown up, she's worried. It must be a tremendously important letter to cause all this hubbub So I laid aside my hat and waited, tugging and gnawing at my mustache. . . . Had the Girl acted reasonably I shouldn't have gone to Martin's that night.

How easy it is for a woman to hurt the man she knows is in love with her! And the Girl had hurt me more than I was willing to confess even to myself. She had inferred that I had carelessly broken an engagement.

Soon there came a gentle tapping. Certainly the young woman had abundant pluck. I approached the door quickly and opened it

The Girl herself stood on the threshold, and we stared at each other with bewildered eyes!

II

SHE was the most exquisite creature in all the wide world, and here she was, within reach of my hungry arms!

"You?" she cried, stepping back, one hand at her throat and the other against the jamb of the door.

Dumb as ever was Lot's wife (after the turning-point in her career), I stood and stared and admired. A woman would instantly have noticed the beauty of her sables, but I was a man to whom such details were inconsequent.

"I did not expect . . . that is, only the number of the apartment was given," she stammered. "I. . . ." Then her slender figure straightened, and with an effort she subdued the fright and dismay which had evidently seized her. "Have you Mr. Chittenden's hat?"

"Mr. Chittenden's hat?" I repeated, with a tingling in my throat similar to that when you hit your elbow smartly on a corner. "Mr. Chittenden's hat?"

"Yes; he is so thoughtless that I dared not trust him to search for it alone. Have *you* got it?"

Heavens, how my heart beat at the sight of this beautiful being, as she stood there, palpitating between shame and anxiety! She *was* beautiful; and I knew instantly that I loved her better than anything else on earth.

"Mr Chittenden's hat?" I continued, as lucid as a trained parrot and in tones not wholly dissimilar.

"Can't you say anything more than that?" impatiently

How much more easily a woman recovers her poise than a man, especially when that man gives himself over as tamely as I did

"Was it *your* letter he was seeking?" I cried, all eagerness and excitement as this one sane thought entered my head.

"Did he tell you that there was a letter in it?" scornfully.

"Yes," guiltily. Heaven only knows why I should have had any sense of guilt

"Give it to me at once," imperatively

"The hat or the letter?" Truly, I did not know what I was about. Only one thing was plain to my confused mind, and that was the knowledge that I wanted to put my arms around her and carry her far, far away from Toddy-One-Boy

"Are you mad, to anger me in this fashion?" she said, balling her little gloved hands wrathfully. Had there been real lightning in her eyes I'd have been dead this long while. "Do you dare believe that I knew you lived in this apartment?"

"I . . . I haven't the hat."

"You dared to search it?" drawing herself up to a supreme height, which was something less than five-feet-two

I became angry, and somehow found myself

"I never pry into other people's affairs. You are the last person I expected to see this night"

"Will you answer a single question? I promise not to intrude further upon your time, which, doubtless, is very valuable. Have you either the hat or the letter?"

"Neither. I knew nothing about any letter till Mr. Chittenden came. But he came too late"

"Too late?" in an agonized whisper

"Yes, too late. I had, unfortunately, given his hat to another gentleman who made a trifling mistake in thinking it to be his own." Suddenly my manners returned to me. "Will you come in?"

"Come in? No! You have given the hat to another man? A trifling mistake! He calls it a trifling mistake!" addressing the heavens, obscured though they were by the thickness of several ceilings. "Oh, what *shall* I do?" She began to wring her hands, and when a woman does that what earthly hope is there for the man who looks on!

"Don't do that!" I implored. "I'll find the hat." At a word from her, for all she had trampled on me, I would gladly have gone to Honolulu in search of a hatpin "The gentleman left me his card. With your permission I will go at once in search of him."

"I have a cab outside. Give me the address"

"I refuse to permit you to go alone"

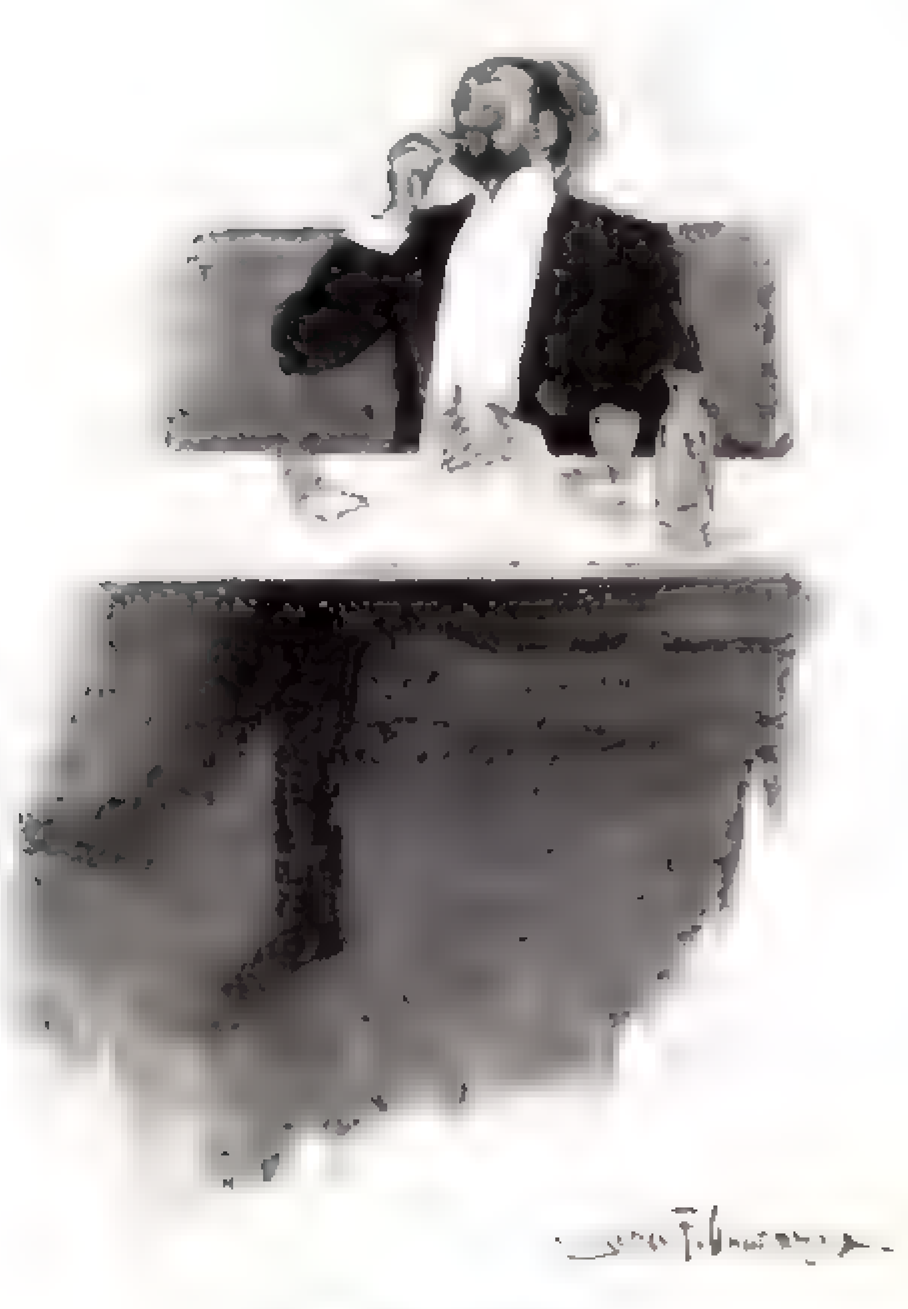
"You have absolutely nothing to say in regard to where I shall or shall not go."

"In this one instance I shall withhold the address"

How her eyes blazed!

"Oh, it is easily to be seen that you do not trust me." I was utterly discouraged

"I did not imply that," with the least bit of softening "Certainly I would trust you. But"



"THERE HE IS NOW!"

"Well?" as haughtily as I could

"I must be the one to take out that letter," decidedly

"I offer to bring you the hat untouched."

"I insist on going"

"Very well; we shall go together; under no other circumstances This is a common courtesy that I would show to a perfect stranger."

I put on my hat, took up the Frenchman's card and tile, and bowed her gravely into the main hallway. We did not speak on the way down to the street. We entered the cab in silence, and went rumbling off southwest. When the monotony became positively unbearable I spoke

"I regret to force myself upon you."

No reply

"It must be a very important letter"

"To no one but myself," with extreme frigidity.

"His father ought to wring his neck," thinking of Toddy-One-Boy

"Sir, he is my brother!"

"I beg your pardon." It seemed that I wasn't getting on very well

We bumped across the Broadway tracks. Once or twice our shoulders touched, and the thrill I experienced was as painful as it was rapturous. What was in a letter that she should go to this extreme to recall it? A heat-flash of jealousy went over me. She had written to some other fellow; for there always is some other fellow, hang him! . . . And then a grand idea came into my erstwhile stupid head. Here she was, alone with me in a cab. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. I could force her to listen to my explanation

"I received your note," I began. "It was cruel and without justice."

Her chin went up a degree.

"The worst criminal is not condemned without a hearing, and I have had none."

No perceptible movement

"We are none of us infallible in keeping appointments We are likely to make mistakes occasionally. Had I known that Tuesday night was the night of the dance I'd have crossed to Jersey in a rowboat"

The chin remained precipitously inclined

"I am poor, and the case involved some of my bread and butter. The work was done at ten, and even then I did not discover that I had in any way affronted you. I had it down in my notebook as Wednesday night."

The lips above the chin curled slightly

"You see," I went on, striving to keep my voice even toned, "my uncle is rich, but I ask no odds of him. I live entirely upon what I earn at law. It's the only way I can maintain my individuality, my self-respect and independence My uncle has often expressed his desire to make me a handsome allowance; but what would be the use . . . now?" bitterly

The chin moved a little. It was too dark to see what this movement expressed

"It seems that I am only a very unfortunate fellow"

"You had given me your promise."

"I know it."

"Not that I cared," with catlike cruelty; "but I lost the last train out while waiting for you. Not even a note to warn me! Not the slightest chance to find an escort! When a man gives his promise to a lady it does not seem possible that he could forget it . . . if he cared to keep it"

"I tell you honestly that I mixed the dates." How weak my excuses seemed, now that they had passed my lips!

"You are sure that you mixed nothing else?" ironically (She afterward apologized for this.) "It appears that it would have been better to come alone."

"I regret I did not give you the address."

"It is not too late

"I never retreat from any position I have taken."

"Indeed?"

Then both our chins assumed an acute angle and remained thus. When a woman is angry she is about as reasonable as a frightened horse; when a man is angry he longs to hit something or smoke a cigar. Imagine my predicament!

When the cab reached Washington Place and came to a stand I spoke again

"Shall I take the hat in, or shall you?"

"We shall go together."

Ah, if only I had had the courage to say "I would it were forever!" But I feared that it wouldn't take

I rang the bell, and presently a maid opened the door

"Is M. de Beausire in?" I asked

"No, sir, he is not," the maid answered civilly

"Do you know where he may be found?"

"If you have a bill you may leave it," frostily and with sudden suspicion.

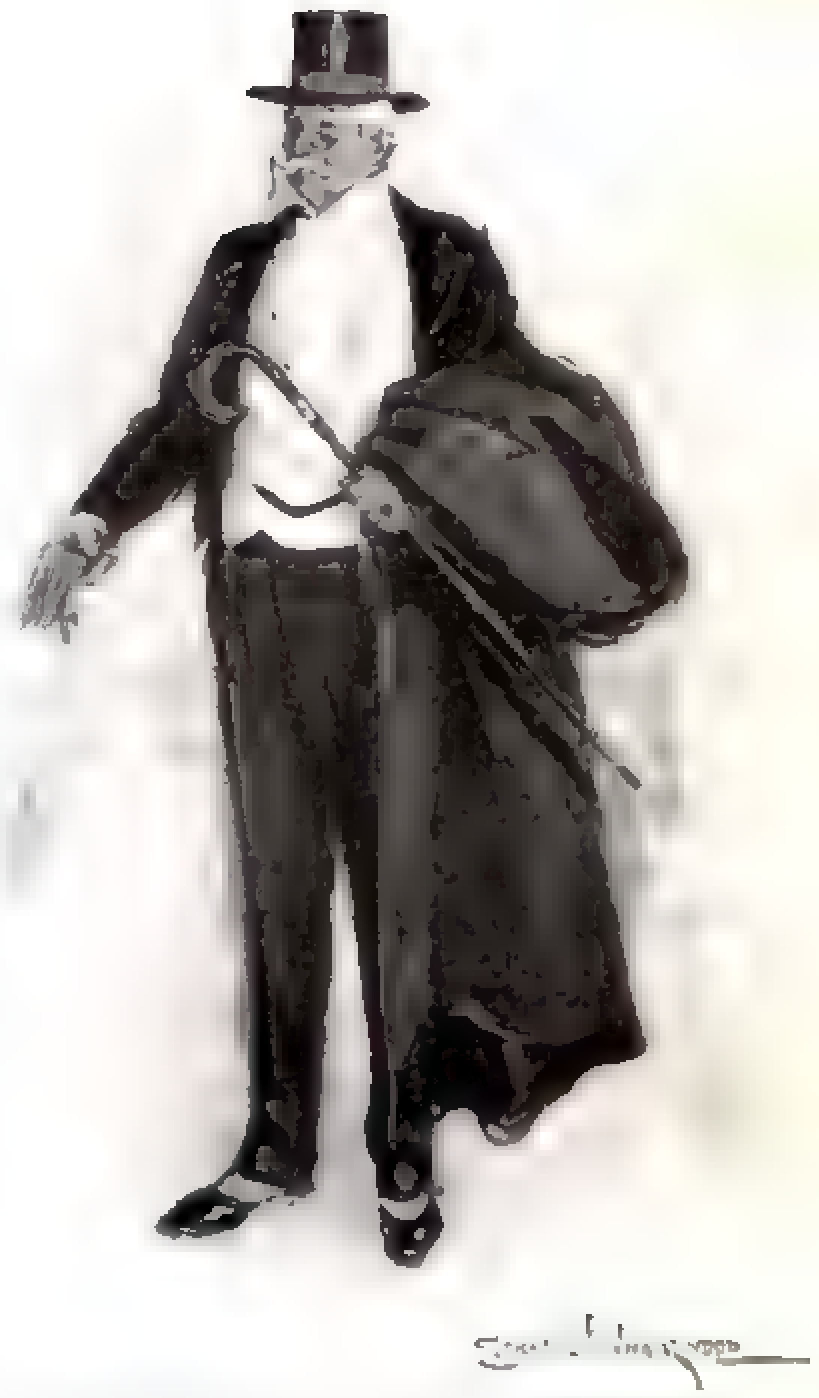
There was a smothered sound from behind me, and I flushed angrily

"I am not a bill-collector."

"Oh; it's the second day of the month, you know. I thought perhaps you were."

"He has in his possession a hat which does not belong to him."

"Good gracious, he hasn't been *stealing?* I don't believe ——" making as though to shut the door.



"YOU ARE THE GENTLEMAN WHO OCCUPIES NUMBER SIX?"

This was too much, and I laughed. "No, my girl; he hasn't been stealing. But, being absent minded, he has taken another man's hat, and I am bringing his home in hopes of getting the one he took by mistake."

"Oh!" And the maid laughed shrilly

I held out the hat

"My land! that's his hat, sure enough. I was wondering what made him look so funny when he went out."

"Where has he gone?" came sharply over my shoulder

"If you will wait," said the maid good-naturedly, "I will inquire"

We waited. So far as I was concerned, I hoped he was miles away, and that we might go on riding for hours and hours. The maid returned soon

"He has gone to meet the French consul at Mouquin's."

"Which one?" I asked "There are two, one down and one up town"

"I'm sure I don't know. You can leave the hat and your card."

"Thank you; we shall retain the hat. If we find monsieur he will need it."

"I'm sorry," said the maid sympathetically. "He's the worst man you ever saw for forgetting things. Sometimes he goes right by the house and has to walk back."

"I'm sorry to have bothered you," said I; and the only girl in the world and myself reentered the cab

"This is terrible!" she murmured as we drove off

"It might be worse," I replied, thinking of the probable long ride with her: perhaps the last I should ever take!

"How could it be!"

I had nothing to offer, and subsided for a space.

"If we should not find him!"

"I'll sit on his front stoop all night . . . Forgive me if I sound flippant; but I mean it." Snow was in the air, and I considered it a great sacrifice on my part to sit on a cold stone in the small morning hours It looks flippant in print, too, but I honestly meant it. "I am sorry. You are in great trouble of some sort, I know; and there's nothing in the world I would not do to save you from this trouble. Let me take you home and continue the search alone. I'll find him if I have to search the whole town."

"We shall continue the search together," wearily.

What had she written to this other fellow? *Did* she love some one else and was afraid that I might learn who it was? My heart became as lead in my bosom. I simply could not lose this charming creature. And now, how was I ever to win her?

It was not far uptown to the restaurant, and we made good time.

"Would you know him if you saw him?" she asked as we left the cab.

"Not the least doubt of it," confidently.

She sighed, and together we entered the restaurant. It was full of theatre-going people, music and the hum of voices. We must have created a small sensation, wandering from table to table, from room to room, the girl with a look

(Continued on Page 21)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

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The Peace Congress

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S proposal to call another international congress comes just at the right time. The Russo-Japanese War has been watched by the civilized world in a spirit that is wholly new—a spirit that shows how far and how rapidly the human race, under the impulsion of steam and electricity, has moved away from traditional ideas. The civilized see as they never saw before that war is frightful, is patricidal. The practical see as they never saw before that war is wasteful and ruinous. Not through the glamour of glory but in the cold light of reality appear those myriad maimings and slaughters. Men read with aversion, and the whole race is shuddering.

Sydney Smith said that a moment before Moses struck the rock doubtless many were insisting that there was no great demand for water. And doubtless many now honestly believe that there is no widespread demand for the abolition of war. But there is. And when the rock is struck at the right time and in the right way we shall all be wondering how mankind permitted itself so long to be dominated by a passion so bestial and so insane.

The Athlete's Golden Mean

MODERATION in all things is the cry of the moralist who about this time every year preaches his preachment against college athletics.

It is quite true that the athlete "trained to the minute" is in an abnormal condition, and that the desperate struggles of intercollegiate contests sometimes—not often—involve sacrifices of vital power that are never made up. It is also true that overdeveloped lungs and muscles—including the heart—tend to degenerate when athletics are followed by a sedentary life, and afford lodgment to disease. Erasistratus, the Syrian court physician of antiquity, who first practiced dissection, taught that exercise is "not particularly indicated for the preservation of the health"; and there are many men to-day whose exercise is confined to walking to the street corner for a car, and whose heart, lungs and muscles are reduced to the minimum, who yet lead useful lives, think high thoughts and live to a ripe age. There is certainly a strong case for exercise that cleanses without overdeveloping or overtaxing the vital tissues.

Yet isn't it possible to overdo the search for the golden mean? Whatever life should be, it is certain that it has never kept long to what Milton scorned as the "middle flight." If it had we should all be machines, and civilization would have advanced with mathematical progression. Marlowe hit it off about right—though his physiology is obsolete:

> Nature, that made us of four elements
> Warring within our breasts for regiment,
> Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds

—minds that chafe and wear themselves out in the impossible struggle for the highest good. Progress comes not in straight lines, but by extremes and ever aspiring cycles.

To go back to the present athletic season, all the prosings of the physicians cannot deaden the youth of the land to the heroic discipline, the fine, poetic frenzy, of a great intercollegiate football game, or persuade that it is not glorious and good to eat one's heart in the desperate finish of a well-run race, shoulder to shoulder with a rival whom only superior mettle can surpass.

Most men, as Voltaire said, die without ever having lived—and one suspects that in the number are included the devotees of the middle flight and the mean which is called golden. It is wise—and it is feasible—to guard against excessive development and excessive strain, and ex-athletes are learning more and more to keep properly exercised after leaving college. Is it not possible to overwork caution? Let us be moderate in all things—even in moderation.

While the Heathen Rage

THE recent confession of the St. Louis boodler is at once a warning and an encouragement to young men ambitious to do something toward rooting out the poisonous weeds of corruption that threaten the life of the Republic. It shows the dangers that confront the reformer, but it also shows how those dangers disappear when they are bravely faced.

He tells how the thieves in St. Louis tried to intimidate Circuit Attorney Folk by threats of assassination. When that failed they laid traps for him, but he kept clear of them all. Then they put Folk's life under the microscope to try to find something to his discredit, and when that came to nothing they attempted to destroy his reputation by invented libels. That work was engaged in not only by the boodle politicians in the City Council, but by leading financiers who had been involved in the corrupt deals Folk was exposing. A weak reformer would have been cowed and silenced.

But here is the encouraging thing. All the malice of the powers of darkness could not prevail against one determined man, conscious of his own uprightness. Folk was not killed; he was not ruined politically; his reputation was not destroyed. He shed detraction as a rubber coat sheds rain. The people swarmed to his support with such enthusiasm that the politicians had to swallow their rage and pretend to support him, too.

There have been many reformers who have come to grief by timid compromises with corruption, but never one, in this country at least, who has suffered from boldly trusting himself to the public conscience and telling his enemies to do their worst. In war it is said that "cowards die many times before their deaths: the valiant never taste of death but once." But in politics the brave man who is also an honest man does not die at all.

The Overshadowing City

THE new city budget of New York calls for an expenditure for the year of $110,000,000, which is four times as much as the State of New York spends, and nearly twice as much as the total outlay of the United States Government at the outbreak of the Civil War.

These figures may help us to realize the magnitude of the city's place in modern American life. They make a new record in municipal bookkeeping. They have never been matched by any other city, as a city, in the history of the world. When Rome was administering the government of an empire and spending the revenues of subject provinces she may have handled more money, but no city, whether ancient Rome or modern London or Paris, has ever raised so much from its own people for local purposes as New York is raising now.

The case of New York is typical. The city in America has already outstripped the State in its financial operations, and is rapidly overtaking the general Government. There are at least a dozen cities each of which disposes of greater revenues than the State in which it is situated. The chief extensions of public activity are municipal. It is the cities that are talking of investing in street-car lines, gas-works, electric-light plants and model tenements. The future rapid-transit system of New York will belong to the city, and the election returns make it evident that the municipal ownership of surface-car lines will soon be tried in Chicago.

With all the talk about national extravagance, it costs as much to run the city government of New York already as it costs the taxpayers to run the civil branches of the Government of the United States. If it were not for the army and navy, the pensioners and the postal business with its independent revenue, the National Treasury would soon occupy a modest place "among those present."

A Carpenter's World Idea

FROM the carpenter's bench great usefulness has come to the world. There is something in the occupation that engenders serious enterprise. The carpenter is trained in accuracy. He is constructive in habit and, if he is a good man, he becomes constructive in thought. He builds. And often when he cultivates his mind and takes care of his body he builds more important things than houses.

Mr. Randall Cremer is an English carpenter. Years ago he took the broad view of life and opportunity. He was elected to Parliament. He saw the good of representative government and he conceived a plan for a larger representation that would represent the governments themselves in one great body. He converted a few men to his way of thinking and launched the idea upon the world. For more than a month this year the result of all this has been filling hundreds of columns in the American newspapers. The Interparliamentary Congress, with delegates from all the enlightened countries of the earth, came on invitation of the United States, traveled on special trains, saw the World's Fair, and reached a really splendid climax in a request to the President that he summon a second international conference to complete the work of The Hague Tribunal and to bring the future of humanity under the majesty of the law.

It reads almost like a story—this development of the carpenter's idea. But here is the fact of the President's call for the congress. Five years have passed since the other meeting at The Hague and we have had war in plenty; yet in spite of it progress has been made, and progress has also made new problems for the consideration of the wise men of the world: What is contraband in war? What military restrictions shall be placed on wireless telegraphy? What shall be done with ships seeking neutral ports? Shall the dropping of explosives from balloons and flying machines be permitted? Invention and improvement will provide other topics—more than enough for the ablest and busiest men.

But it is a fine thing that an idea in these material days can thrive so beautifully and come to blossom so quickly.

Affording Not to Marry

IN GERMANY no lieutenant may marry until the Kaiser has been satisfied that the young couple have between them enough money to keep up the dignity of their rank. In a country where marriage is conventionally based on money considerations, being often brought about by the parents of the contracting parties without question of sentiment or passion, such an arrangement is natural and scarcely to be questioned. But when General Corbin proposes to make our lieutenants submit their matrimonial designs for approval to the War Department at Washington he raises a wholly new set of questions.

In America we are still bourgeois enough—which is to say, sufficiently removed from mere material considerations—to place the heart above the balance at the bank. In weighing the General's very reasonable arguments against the poor marriage, let us not forget that at bottom they are a plea for a lower order of thinking and of feeling.

Stevenson's idea of the happy life was for a man to live fully and leisurely through all his ages. Now, the age of love and of marriage is perhaps the most important of all. It is well to take counsel from one's bank account as to whether one can afford to marry. But it is well also to take counsel from one's heart and dignity as to whether one can afford not to.

Just Out of Order

THE other morning a wife said to her husband: "I'm feeling anything but well. I think I'll go back to bed and send for the doctor." The husband said: "I'm almost sick myself, but I've got to go to work—worse luck!"

The wife went to bed, sent for the doctor and was ill for two weeks—"nothing in particular, just generally out of order." The husband, in the early stages of the same complaint, went downtown, worked hard all day, gradually felt a little better, went up to his club late in the afternoon, had a swim in the tank, felt well enough to box a little, felt still better, took a shower, went home in high spirits—to sympathize with the poor invalid.

But he never knew; and neither did she.

An Exploded Theory

THE tranquillity, to put it mildly, with which returning Arctic and Antarctic expeditions are now received shows how thoroughly some notions about the earth which almost every one believed a few years ago have been exploded.

Twenty years ago the school geographies used to teach that there was probably an open polar sea, used to hint that it might enjoy an equatorial climate, might be the seat of a peopled continent. And so long as some of these notions had a semblance of scientific plausibility, polar navigators strained their eyes across the ice barrier and thought themselves on the verge of a fame as great as, or greater than, that of Columbus. But now we know the poles hide no mystery, that the returning polar expedition will bring back nothing but some few not very interesting and not very valuable meteorological data.

The human race knows that it is the only race of real or reputed rational animals upon the earth and that it lives entirely between the two polar ice caps. There remains the question, Is it alone in the universe? And there are the so-called "canals" on Mars to stimulate that inquiry.

South Africa After the War

BY W. T. STEAD

The Outlook for the Future

A PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN PRETORIA

SOUTH AFRICA, like Washington in the olden days, is a place of magnificent distances. The distances are altogether too magnificent for the hasty traveler. The population is too scant to afford such a vast primeval wilderness even a sprinkling of humanity. As one result of this comparatively uninhabited state of the country, it is a place where we have Nature unspoilt by man. It is a sun-baked, rain-washed expanse of mountain and of plain, across which crawl a few lines of railway, single track and narrow gauge, linking together the few centres of population that have established themselves in the land. Man practically disappears from sight after you get out of the suburban area. For hundreds of miles, as you travel by rail, you see no trace of human habitation, save the clusters of native huts, which, at a distance, might easily be mistaken for ant heaps, and every now and then, in the centre of square miles of prairie, a clump of green trees, through which gleam the white walls of a farmhouse South Africa is a country where Nature is everywhere in evidence and where man, as yet, is conspicuous by his absence

And what a sublimity and magnificence of Nature it is that is revealed to the eye of the traveler! My first impression, which was also my last, was one of wonder at the glorious amphitheatre of natural beauty of which Cape Town is the centre—wonder not unmixed with some degree of resentment at the failure of previous travelers to prepare me for the splendor of the scene. The Cape peninsula, which Mr. Rhodes described as the Riviera with a better climate, is probably destined, when turbine steamers reduce the voyage from Europe to ten days, to become one of the great pleasure resorts of the world. It suffers now and then from southeasters, which, laden with moisture collected from the waves of the Southern seas, strike chill at eventide. But, despite southeasters, it is one of the places in which it is pleasant to live. The glories of the mountain, sea and sky are seldom combined in so perfect a picture of varied charm as on the slopes of Table Mountain. But Table Mountain, or rather the range of which it forms a part, is but one among a number of other ranges whose lofty peaks bound the horizon on the north and west. To the east and south there is the illimitable expanse of the azure sea stretching without break of land to the Southern Pole. Sir Walter Scott's description of the Highlands, where, as he phrases it, the hills "sentinel enchanted land," is even more appropriate to South Africa. For in the Scotch Highlands the hills are not sentinels guarding the domain of an enchanter. The hills are the country The domain is all mountainous sentry-boxes. But in South Africa it is not so. There "great spaces washed by the sun" lie beyond the mountain ranges. In their dim expanses who knows what undreamed of treasures still lie hid! From some points the landscape reminds one of the Tyrol, although, at the time of my visit, the snow had all melted from the hills. Had I come in winter time the resemblance would have been even closer. But it is the Tyrol spread out and magnified.

The Riviera has, of course, historical associations of which the Cape peninsula cannot boast. No Barbary corsair left on these glorious coasts the scars of marauding war. No Treaty of Villa Franca consecrated the new birth of an African Italy. But the place is not without its historical associations of tragic interest. The old fort built by the first settlers still stands, square set and strong, where it was first planted to assert the white man's claim to the black man's land. It is almost overgrown by the ephemeral buildings of a later age, and it would, even if these were cleared away, be useless against modern artillery fire; but it is an interesting relic of former days on which as yet no vandal hand has fallen. In the great sea bay, which is often compared to that of Naples, no ruined cities lie sepulchred in lava. Cape Town does not stand on the slopes of an active volcano. But for nearly three years, at the beginning of this century, that peaceful bay was to South Africa as the open mouth of an Imperial crater in full and violent eruption. From all parts of the world converged to this spot the massed explosives of Imperial pride. More than a quarter of a million men disembarked here to carry fire and sword over the broad lands that stretched northward toward the sun. On that flat expanse on the other side of the town stood the camp of the Boer prisoners. Over the hill, in a humble cottage standing on the narrow ledge between the lofty peak of the Muizenberg and the ceaseless thunder of the waves of the South Atlantic, died Cecil J. Rhodes, who wrote his name in deep-cut capitals across a granite continent. Historical associations are growing as fast over this mountainous region as lichen grows on rock But it needs no legendary lore to make the peninsula a source of wonder and delight.

Table Mountain, with its strange, flat-topped central mass, in the quaint Dutch tradition represents the table of the Last Supper. Around the table sit the Twelve Apostles, twelve crags each with a character all its own The table, which, when cloud-capped, is said to be covered by a white tablecloth, is guarded by a massive hill of the shape of a couchant lion, while on the other side, on a lofty and precipitous peak, the devil sits scowling upon the sacred feast. The summits of infinite variety of contour are ungraced by shrub, or grass, or tree. But the slopes are luxuriantly clothed with verdure. The curious silver tree and the stone-pine give distinction to the forest. Far below stretch the famous vineyards of the Cape, and down to the water's edge run the white houses of the foliage-hidden suburbs in which Cape Towners dwell

South Africa has its show places at its extremities. The Cape peninsula is a hall of entrance worthy of a continent Far away in the extreme north, nearly 2000 miles in direct line from Table Bay, the greatest waterfall in the world thunders forever over the rocky ledge of the Victoria Falls. Niagara is a one-horse show compared with these falls of the Zambesi, but they are too remote to be a serious rival to the smaller American waterfall. The railway is being pushed northward, and next year, when the British Association for the Advancement of Science holds the annual meeting in South Africa, it is hoped the savants will be able to visit the waterfall that is the pride and glory of Rhodesia

The chief defect of South African scenery is the absence of lakes and of rivers. The African river is a raging torrent when it rains, and either a stony ravine or a zigzag furrow all the rest of the year. The rain comes down too hard and runs off too quick. If it could but be dammed up in a vast system of inland lakes the advantage, both from a scenic and an agricultural point of view, would be incalculable. But in the veldt, when you have ascended to the plateau where the long grass thrives, the eye has compensations for the lack of water As there are no real lakes kindly Nature manufactures mirages that might cheat the senses of any observer. Far before you, entirely obscuring what you know to be the sunburned, yellow-brown grass of the veldt, there are stretched from time to time enchanting visions of wooded lakes whose indented coast line and shaded islands seem to be as unmistakably real as Lucerne or Windermere. Yet it is all a mirage. The sun sinks a little lower in the heaven and the whole fairy scene fades away, and, like the fantastic fabric of a vision, leaves not a trace behind

The show colony of South Africa for scenery is Natal. But I had not time to visit it. The western half of Cape Colony and a great deal of the centre is not cultivated. The Karroo is praised by some as one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world It is an acquired taste. There is expanse, no doubt, and endless varieties of semi-tropical shrubs and plants; but to the unaccustomed eye it is bare and forbidding. As the traveler passes from point to point he seems to be forever bisecting a vast saucer, the rim of which has been bitten into here and there, for all around the horizon rise irregular ranges of low hills, conical, flat-topped or serrated Sunrise and sunset effects are magnificent, and the thunderstorms among the hills are sublime. The summer lightning along the horizon at night seems sometimes to reproduce an artillery duel between two opposing armies. The sky seems loftier than in England, and the clouds, when there are clouds, ride high.

In some parts of Cape Colony, in the primeval forest, where grows the timber out of which the indestructible ox-wagons are fashioned—there are some wagons still in use in the Transvaal which are over one hundred years old the wild elephant is carefully preserved. But for the most part South Africa is no longer the zoölogical garden that it was a hundred years ago. Excepting jackals, baboons and bucks, there are few wild animals to be seen or heard. The lion has retired long ago with giraffes, zebras, quaggas, wild buffaloes, to say nothing of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus. Of jackals there are so many that the annual cost of their depredations to the Cape Colony is estimated at $7,000,000 Baboons infest the hilly country and are one of the pests of the farmer. Here and there leopards are found—locally known as tigers—but they are rare. Of singing birds there is a plentiful lack. Carnivorous birds, such as hawks and vultures, abound

The number of mountain ranges in the Cape Colony, in Natal, and in the north of the Transvaal impose severe tasks upon the railway engineer, to which he has not proved unequal. The way in which the railway is carried through the Hex River Pass in the Cape Colony is a marvel of bold and successful engineering. The railway builders of South Africa avoid tunnels, preferring rather the long curve and sweeping detour by which they are able to climb gradients that at first sight would seem insurmountable.

During the war the South African railways were the arteries through which flowed the life blood of the campaign. To safeguard the metaled way was the first preoccupation of the British commanders. From Cape Town to Pretoria they fortified the line by a series of blockhouses each connected with the other by a double fence of barbed wire. It was a strange modern reproduction of the fundamental principle adopted by the Romans 2000 years ago. Hadrian's great mural rampart, by which he chained down the North of England to the Roman Empire, was the old-world substitute for the barbed wire employed by Kitchener. The Roman wall which ran from the Tyne to the Solway was built, not like a Chinese wall, to shut off one part of the country from the other, but for precisely the same reason that the African railways were fenced with a network of barbed wire. The wall was built to protect the road. At every mile along its course was a fortified station—a mile castle, as the North-country English call them, where Roman legionaries kept watch all day and all night. The whole Roman road from Wallsend to the neighborhood of Carlisle was patrolled every night by Roman soldiers, and the system of watch was so perfected that a signal of alarm could be passed from end to end of the wall with almost the rapidity of the telegraph. In South Africa the same system was carried out over a much greater area.

Most of the blockhouses have been dismantled. But their sites remain. Some are still intact. The smaller blockhouse, in which British soldiers kept for two years the weariest and most harassing of vigils, was generally circular, built of the rough stone so plentiful in South Africa, and covered in with corrugated iron, which is the almost universal roofing of the country. But at longer intervals, at the more important stations, or where the line crossed bridges, square forts were built with hewn stone, and finished off by the mason. Very

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of papers by Mr. Stead on present conditions in South Africa.

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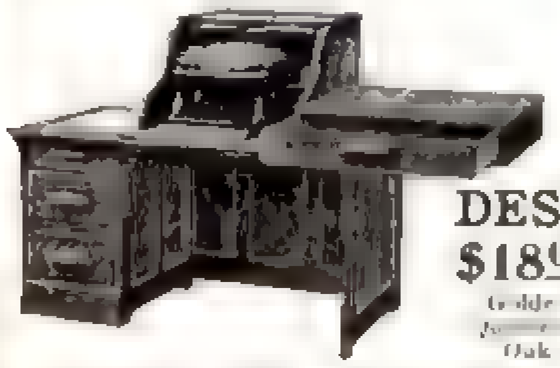

DESK $18.00 Golden [illegible] Oak

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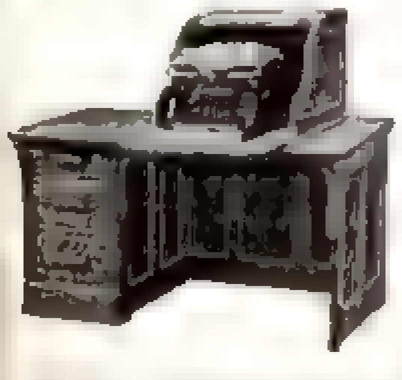

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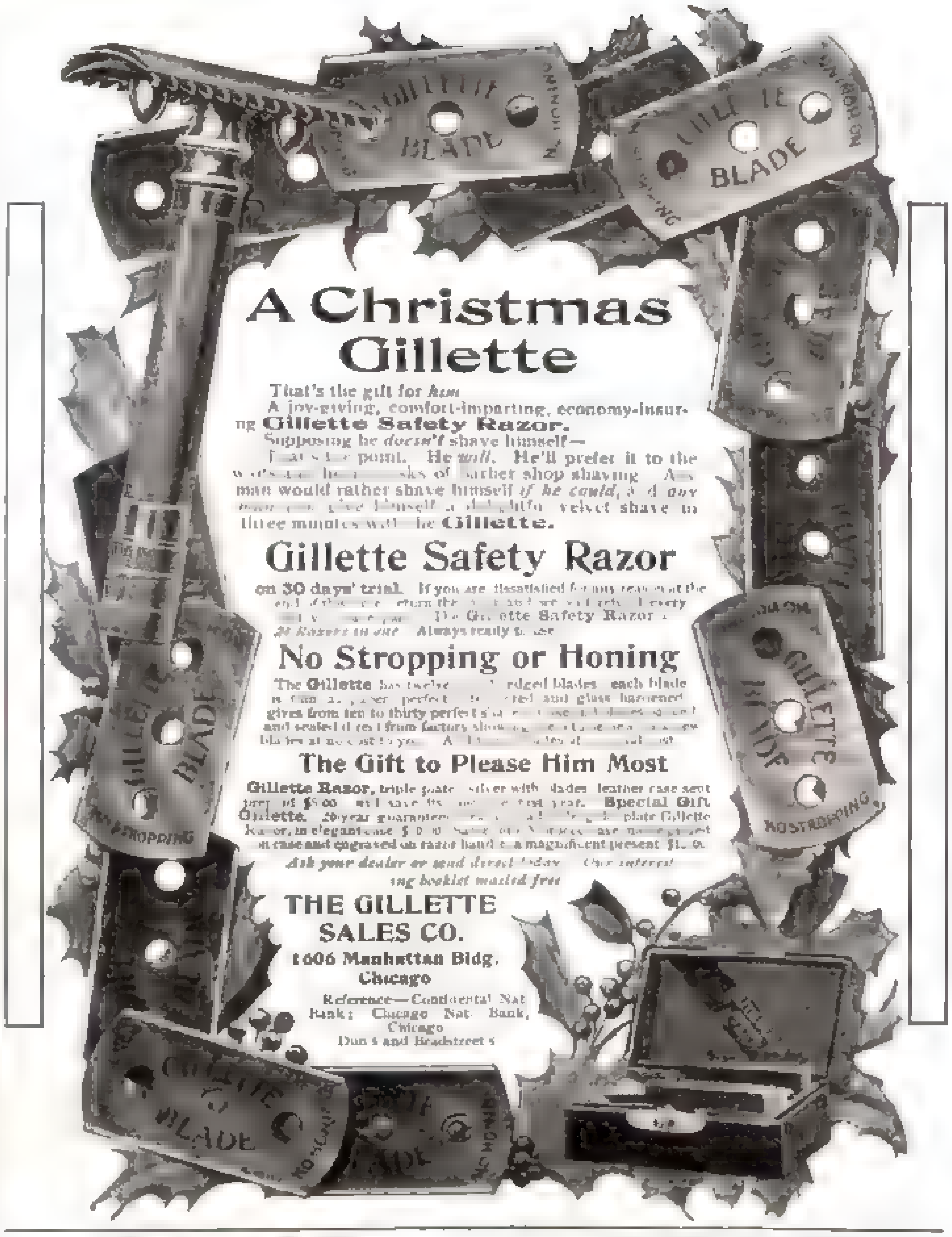
grim and suggestive they look, crowning almost every knoll with their loopholed squares. The barbed wire was strung with empty tin cans which rattled whenever the wire was touched. Dogs were commandeered and imprisoned in the blockhouses, and sometimes even ducks and geese were used to raise the alarm on the approach of enemies; but the appetites of the garrison usually led to the destruction of their feathered sentinels.

Despite all their blockhouses, the Boers experienced little difficulty in crossing the line when they pleased. To surprise the Tommies in the blockhouses was one of the amusements of the later days of the campaign. Even with this diversion it is difficult to conceive of anything more deadly dull than to be marooned in a circular cell day and night with nothing to do but to look out for the ubiquitous Boers, who never came when they were expected and usually turned up just when Tommy Atkins had turned in. Sometimes death relieved guard. Few more pathetic sights are to be met with in South Africa than the unnamed heap of stones beneath which one of the details guarding the line sleeps his last sleep by the railway. If the ghosts of the dead revisit the scene of their labors on earth the main line north from the Cape to Pretoria might be patrolled from end to end by the silent sentinels whom no alarm of war will ever rouse. The solitary graves of these forgotten warriors are more eloquent even than the long, black, parallel trenches which mark the indiscriminate cemetery of the battlefield. But they are less tragic in their horror than the mounds which cover the remains of the little children who perished in the concentration camps. Five infants died for every Boer who fell in battle.

American influence is everywhere perceptible in South Africa. In the educational centres at Wellington and Worcester there are buildings erected by American munificence and teachers trained in America. In the great fruit plantations established by Mr. Rhodes the experts in charge are mostly men trained in California. The Government experimental wine farm at Constantia is under the control of French Canadians. Most of the mining engineers who direct the Rand gold mines are Americans. American plows are everywhere in evidence. But I am sorry to have to report that South Africans do not speak highly either of the American railway material or of American locomotives. They are said to be neither so tough nor so durable as those turned out in Europe. The one American invasion which excites alarm is the invasion of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. The American negro is held in holy horror by the South African white. He has notions in his woolly head with which they fear he will inoculate the Kaffir. Lord Milner at first promptly shut their ministers out of the conquered territories. Appeal was made to Downing Street, and the interdict was set to one side. The American colored brethren are accused of teaching the natives that South Africa is a black man's land, a charge which they solemnly repudiate. They are also held to entertain damnable heresies as to the rights of a man not being altogether dependent upon the color of his skin. The South African bar is scandalized at Cape Town by the apparition of a colored man from Trinidad duly qualified to practice as a barrister. He completed his studies in England. Mr. Sylvester Williams, for that is his name, ignores their protests, obtains clients, and is building up a very good professional practice. A full-fledged barrister in a dark skin is a concrete negation of the popular theory that black men are fit for nothing but to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. But race prejudice is very strong. It prevents the co-education of black and white, and it banishes colored communicants from the Lord's table at which white Christians partake of the sacrament.

"The best thing for South Africa," said to me a highly educated Malay doctor in Cape Town, whose skin is as fair as that of most British South Africans, "would be for everybody to become Mohammedan. Islam is the only religion which is sufficiently religious to destroy race prejudice. The color difficulty would disappear if you substituted the Koran for the New Testament. In the presence of Allah all men are equal. Black and white, slave and sultan meet in the mosque on a footing of absolute equality." The Moslems are not conducting any active propaganda in South Africa, but the Malays adhere tenaciously to the faith of the Arabian apostle, and they are gathering around them a few converts of European nationality.

War always brings corruption in its train, but it was hardly expected that the net result



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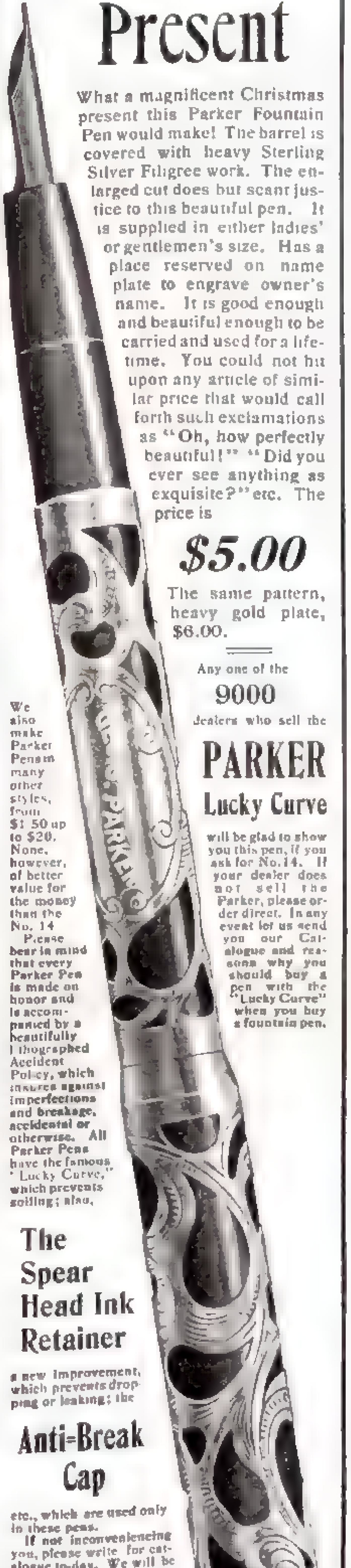

What a magnificent Christmas present this Parker Fountain Pen would make! The barrel is covered with heavy Sterling Silver Filigree work. The enlarged cut does but scant justice to this beautiful pen. It is supplied in either ladies' or gentlemen's size. Has a place reserved on name plate to engrave owner's name. It is good enough and beautiful enough to be carried and used for a lifetime. You could not hit upon any article of similar price that would call forth such exclamations as "Oh, how perfectly beautiful!" "Did you ever see anything as exquisite?" etc. The price is

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of a campaign waged in order to destroy "the corrupt régime of President Kruger" would be to establish a system in which corruption is much more rampant. As an Englishman said who had done business for twenty years in South Africa: "Whereas in the old days it was a box of cigars, to-day it needs a hundred golden sovereigns." The scandals connected with the supply of munitions of war were appalling during the war, and the worst of it is the virus does not appear to have worn itself out. There was a bad enough scandal — never followed up — in connection with the supply of horses during the war. The supply of hay for the feeding of horses after the war down to the present time has given rise to scandals not less disgraceful. Go where you please in South Africa, and you always hear the same thing not so much from the Boers as from the British. Secret commissions, illicit discounts and downright bribery flourish so openly that South Africans almost regard it as a mark of a greenhorn to make them a subject of comment.

The hope that the new administration would be more efficient and economical than that which it displaced has long ago perished under the blight of actual experience. Even some of the nominees of the administration on the Legislative Council have not hesitated to declare loudly that in such a matter as that of railway administration, for instance, they longed for a return to the *status quo ante bellum.* Millions have been wasted in the forlorn attempt to plant British settlers in the conquered territories, in the hope that they might swell the British poll when responsible government was conceded to the colonies. The cost of the South African police, a showy and useless force, is enormous. The High Commissioner is confronted by a continually mounting deficit, and there is no prospect that the Transvaal will ever raise the £30,000,000 which the magnates of Johannesburg promised Mr. Chamberlain as a contribution toward the expenses of the war.

All expectation of any improvement, except possibly in the price of shares in gold companies, has died out in South Africa.

What the majority of the South Africans hope is that when the present Unionist Government in England is dismissed at the coming general election — the date of which Mr. Chamberlain, the outside dictator of the Cabinet, has fixed for next March — the new Government will turn over a new leaf. The Liberals will administer South Africa on Liberal principles. They are bound to do so, not only by their allegiance to their traditional creed, but also by the instinct of self-preservation. Seldom has any British administration had the true path so plainly marked out before it as is the road which the new Ministry will have to travel. They have only to pay the debts incurred by their predecessors, restore the value of a British officer's receipt to its par value, in order to start with an immense advantage. They have then merely to keep the many times pledged word of their predecessors as to the establishment of responsible government in the annexed territories in order to be relieved of any harassing anxiety as to the future of these South African lands. If South Africans are made to understand once for all that they are to be responsible for the government of South Africa, and that the home Government will no more dream of interfering with them than it now dreams of interfering with the Canadians and Australians, there will be no more trouble in South Africa.

The only danger ahead of war and commotion are both directly due to the possible contingency of Imperial interference. One danger is that the overlooked white minority may appeal to Downing Street against the decision of the white majority, in which case there will be trouble. The other danger is that much-talked-of war between whites and blacks. It is due chiefly to the conviction on the part of the whites that if they should get into a quarrel with the native races they can always rely upon the Imperial troops to come to the rescue. Fortunately, there is little prospect of a Liberal administration falling into a snare so openly set before its eyes.

I left South Africa full of hope. The old discredited system is crumbling to pieces. A new régime is at the door. Nothing is needed to secure a tranquil, a contented and a prosperous South Africa but the exercise of common honesty and the automatic application to South Africa of the principles of colonial independence which are in full operation in Canada and Australia. There is no finer race in the world than the South Africans, and they only need to be allowed to govern themselves to be as loyal as any of the subjects of King Edward VII.

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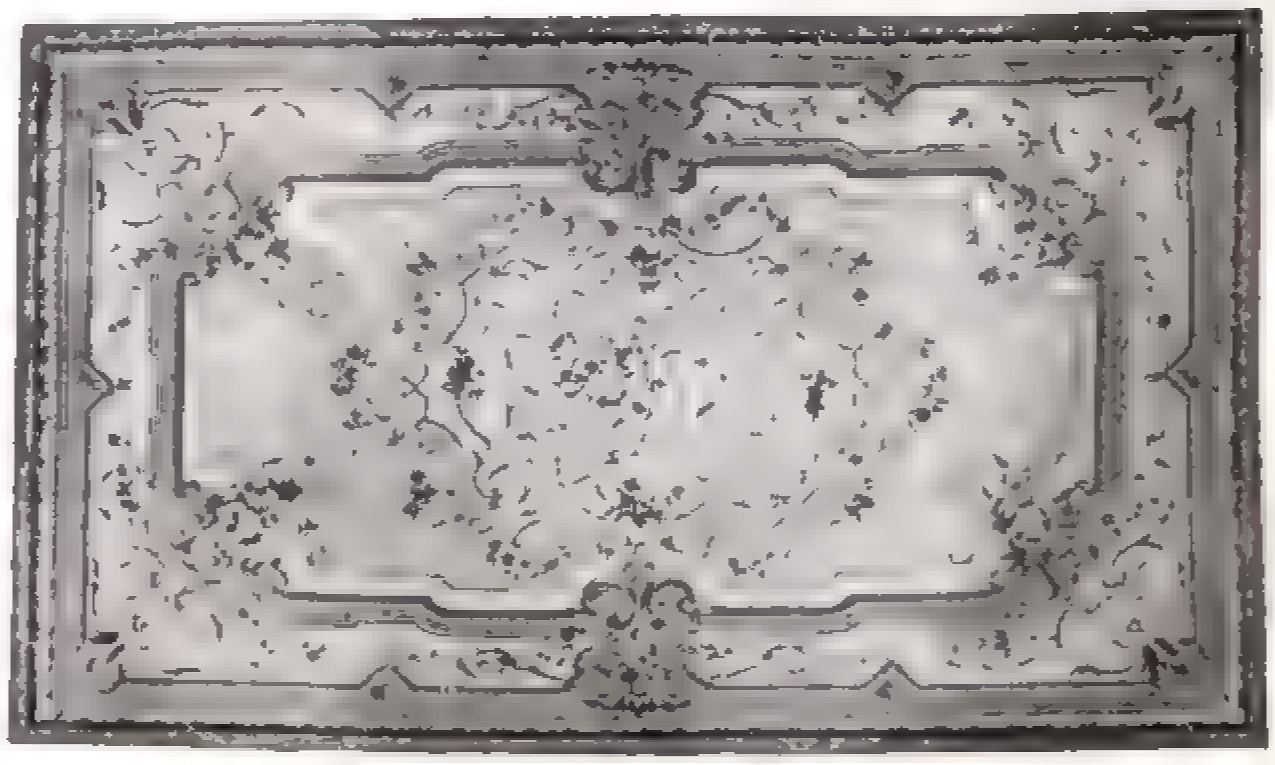

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS — Four important developments of national policy as set forth by the ex-President.

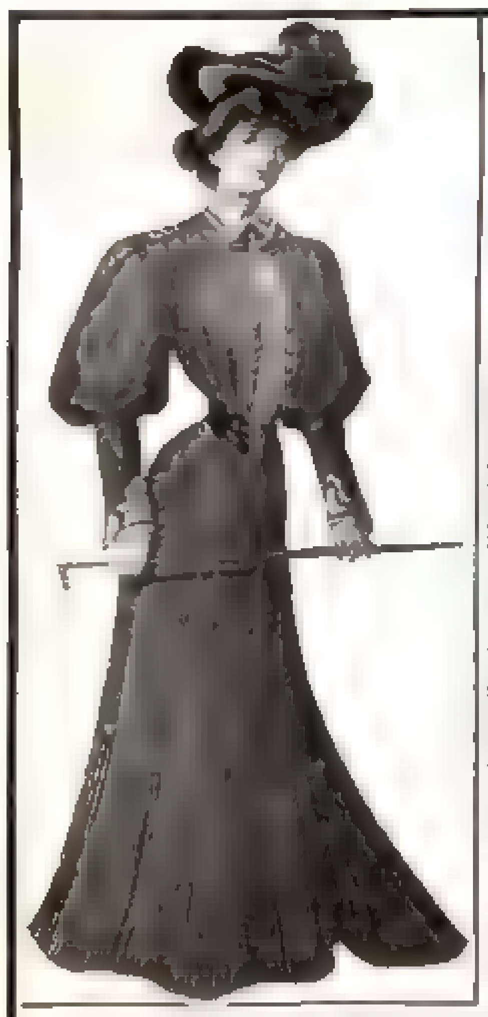
¶ "The belief," writes Grover Cleveland, "that notwithstanding the overweening desire among our people for personal and selfish rewards of effort, there still exists, underneath it all, a sedate and unimpaired interest in the things that illustrate the design, the traditions and the power of our Government, has induced me to present in this volume (Presidential Problems: *The Century Company*) certain incidents of national administration concerning which I have the knowledge of a prominent participant." These incidents are four in number, and might, with no great chance of going astray, be guessed in advance by any one ordinarily familiar with the political history of the past twenty years. They are: the quarrel with the Senate over Executive appointments, the sending of Federal troops to Chicago in 1894, the bond issues of '94, '95 and '96, and the Venezuela boundary controversy; and they mark four important developments of national policy — the enfranchisement of the President from Senatorial tutelage, the definite assertion of Federal authority in local affairs, the beginning of the abandonment of bimetalism, and the recognition by the European powers that the Monroe Doctrine is a live force in international affairs.

This is not the place to enter upon the discussion of the merits of the policies there inaugurated. For so much as public opinion has already decided — and there is now but one judgment on the Venezuela message, or on the constitutional power of the President to suspend or remove his own appointees — it is superfluous to speak. The labor question is at this moment particularly acute, and Mr. Bryan's wing of the Democratic party appears indifferently reconciled to Judge Parker's gold telegram. On these questions, too, it seems unwise to touch in what purports to be strictly a review of literary and personal qualities. For the personal quality is absent from no book. It is the flavor in the fibre of the meat. President Cleveland's style has mellowed perceptibly, in urbanity and in ease, from the rather heavy-footed delivery of the earlier messages; but it will never be other than characteristic. It is as one knowing the man would imagine it and wish it — a little cumbersome, a little over-emphatic at times, pressing home with rather more force than the intelligence of the reader requires the application of an argument or a situation that the author feels strongly, but never possible to mistake in its meaning, never hurried, very sure of itself, not to be diverted from the main purpose of the thought, free from any traces of vanity, and only once touched by irritation. A long dispatch from Governor Altgeld is dismissed after the opening sentence as "a lengthy statement which so far missed actual conditions as to appear irrelevant and, in some parts, absolutely frivolous." It is always fair to let the reader judge of these matters for himself, and the surer the author is of the right of his position the better he can afford to test it.

THE UNIT BOOKS — An enterprise of good augury to readers of narrow means and wide ambitions.

¶ A useful series of reprints is The Unit Books (*Howard Wilford Bell, New York*). The title is found in the system of prices, which makes a charge of one cent for every twenty-five pages of text, and throws in a paper wrapper. Cloth binding costs 30 cents additional, full leather binding, with gilt top, 50 cents additional. The paper, typographical dress and binding are uniform throughout the series, eventually to comprise 100 classics, of which eight have now been issued. Thus, Hawthorne's Marble Faun (524 pages, 21 units) costs, in paper, 21 cents, in cloth 51 cents, in leather 71 cents.

The desire to bring standard books within the means of poor and ambitious readers is creditable to any publisher and should be encouraged by every reviewer; but in any reprint of classic texts the editorial work should be done with scrupulous care. We notice that the French quotations in Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans are sometimes faultily printed and sometimes faultily translated. Mrs. Trollope chose as



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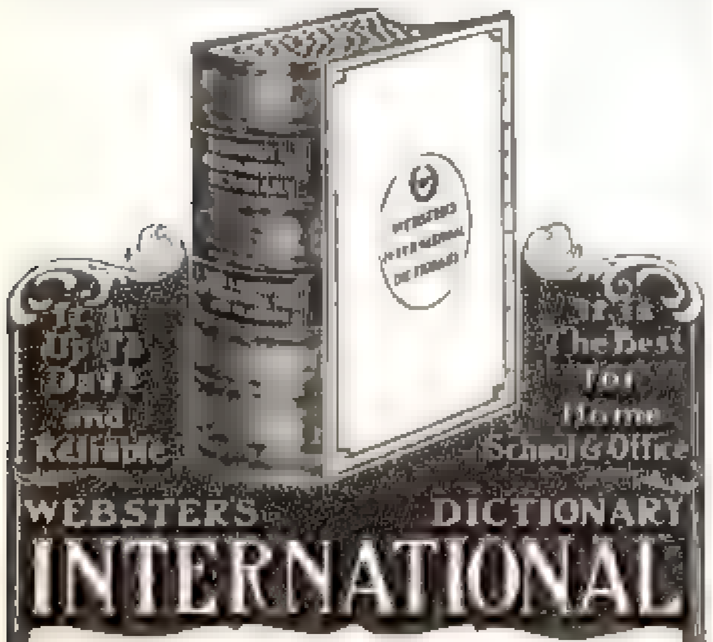
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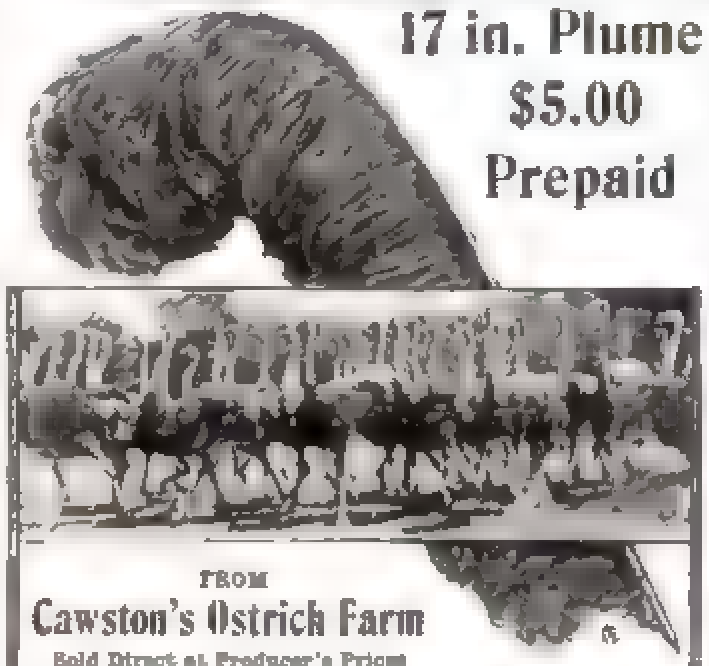

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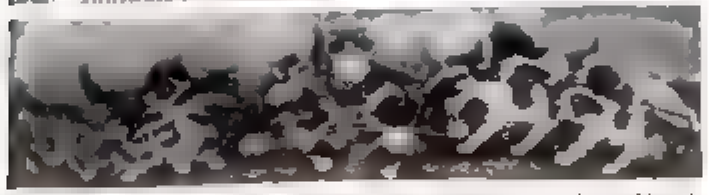

THE ART INTERCHANGE, 103 Fifth Ave., New York

her text and placed on her title-page the following sentence from the Marriage de Figaro:

> *On me dit que pourvu que je ne parle ni de l'autorité, ni du culte, ni de la politique, ni de l'opéra, ni des autres spectacles, ni de personne qui tienne à quelque chose, je puis tout imprimer librement.*

This is translated: "They say of me that although I do not speak of authority, nor of culture, nor of politics, nor of morality, nor of people in position, nor of the opera, nor of other spectacles, nor of any one who has a career, I can express all this freely." And why not, forsooth! This is slovenly work. It makes Beaumarchais, who was a man of wit, appear no better than a fool. Properly translated — when it assumes a very different meaning and is immediately seen to have an important bearing on Mrs. Trollope's pages — the quotation reads:

"They tell me that, provided I say nothing of (established) authority, nor of religion, nor of politics, nor of morals, nor of those in office, nor of the opera, nor of any other performance, nor of any one connected with anything, I may publish what I wish."

Rather a different thing, isn't it?

On page 93 is another schoolboy's error — this time both in translation and transcription. "*Croyez moi madame,*" runs the quotation, referring to the police, "*il n y a que ceux, à qui ils ont à faire, qui les trouvent de trop.*" And the editorial translation reads: "Believe me, madam, only those with whom they have to do find them too many." The original is faulty in punctuation and wording. It should read: "*Il n'y a que ceux à qui ils ont affaire,*" etc. And the corresponding translation: "Only those with whom they have business find them too many." *De trop* in this instance means both "in the way" and "too many." There is no single English equivalent for this verbal play, but the fact should be marked in the notes.

Attention is thus called at length to two minor blunders both because they are significant in themselves and because, where the audience invited is presumably an eager, studious one, having at command no expert advice and no large resources of culture to correct, or leisure to run down errors, a peculiar degree of responsibility attaches to editorial work. The volumes so far published in the Unit series are: Hawthorne's Marble Faun, Abraham Lincoln's Letters and Addresses (selected), Poe's Tales of Mystery, Renan's Life of Jesus, Curtis' Prue and I, Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans, Trench's Study of Words, and National Documents. We have not had leisure to compare the French Renan with the translation, but we hope it fares better than has Mrs. Trollope.

¶ **MINOR MENTION: It is to be wished** that one might see more such excellent books as Guns, Ammunition and Tackle *(The Macmillan Company)*, the eighth in the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Casper Whitney. Captain A. W. Money writes on the Shotgun and its Handling, Horace Kelphart has the Hunting Rifle, W. E. Carlin the Theory of Rifle Shooting, A. L. A. Himmelwright the Pistol and Revolver, John Harrington Keene the Artificial Fly. Captain Money's is, perhaps, the best known name of the five, and his paper is sound, readable and helpful; but for thorough preparation and finished presentation, Mr. Kelphart, Mr. Carlin and Mr. Keene have all the best of the argument. The only thing to mar the book is an exasperatingly persistent error on page 203 which makes sheer nonsense of Professor Bashforth's laws.

¶ **The Old Masters and their Pictures,** by Sarah Tytler *(Little, Brown & Co.)*, is frankly declared in the preface "to be a simple account of the great Old Masters in painting, of every age and country, with descriptions of their most famous works, for the use of learners and outsiders in art." There is, in addition, a sprinkling of biographical narrative and anecdote, with, however, very little original critical comment, for which the author relies largely on quoted extracts from other writers. Although a preference is avowed for grouping the painters "according to what I hold to be the *primitive* arrangements of time, country and rank in art," the adjective does not make clear why French art should be carried down to Greuze (1725-1805), whereas British art stops short with Sir Godfrey Kneller (1646-1723), leaving out such names as Raeburn (1756-1823), Gainsborough (1727-1788), Romney (1734-1802), Reynolds (1723-1792). The reproductions in halftone can only be rated indifferent.

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The Reading Table

A Yodel

Oh, a yodler he sat on a rock in the Tyrol,
Ty-ro-lee, roly-o, lee-o,
And he sang till the echoes arose in a spiral,
In the Tyrol, Ty-ro-lee-o
On the swing of his music he joyfully swung
With a quirk of the voice and a twist of the tongue,
And the highly intelligent song that he sung
Was
"Hooly-rooly-o,
Ooly-o,
Hi lilly loo,
In the Ty-ro-lee-o, lee-o!"

And a maiden she sat on an eminence craggy,
Craggy aggy, aggy-o, aggy-o,
And her name it was Gretchen, or Susan, or Maggie,
Maggy-aggy, Maggy-o, ee-o.
Though she seemed just as coy as a maiden could be,
Still she looked at the yodler, encouraging he,
Who put on his hat and came closer to she
With his
"Hooly-rooly-o,
Ooly-o,
Hi lilly loo,
In the Ty-ro-lee-o, lee-o!"

So he sat down beside her, this simple musician,
Mus-ee-oozy, oozy-o, oozy-o,
And he warbled a piece of his own composition,
Com-posy, posy-o, ee-o.
And ere it was finished his arm he had placed
Round the slender circumference binding her waist
And the words of his wooing were ardently based
On
"Hooly-rooly-o,
Ooly-o,
Hi lilly loo,
In the Ty-ro-lee-o, lee-o!"

From which situation I'll draw you a moral,
Mora-lilly, illy-o, lee-o,
If favor you'd gain from the lips that are coral,
Cora-lee, lilly-o, lee-o,
You should study with patience and labor with pains
To get the equipment of insight and brains
Exemplified in the miraculous strains
Of
"Hooly-rooly-o,
Ooly-o,
Hi lilly loo,
In the Ty-ro-lee-o, lee-o!"

—*Wallace Irwin.*

An Easy Guess

A FRIEND of "Nat" Goodwin, the actor, who is a confirmed practical joker, says that some fellow-players last winter managed to "get even."

A common friend in San Francisco had been written to forward to Mr. Goodwin the following telegram

"Would you take $100,000 for Riverside Drive house?"

Now, although Mr. Goodwin is much attached to his house in the locality mentioned, he felt that he could more than duplicate it at the price named. The bargain struck him as being too good to lose, so he hastened to reply: "I will."

"I thought you would," was the response that came over the wires.

The Fading Plumber

E. W. KEMBLE experienced a burst water-pipe in his studio some time ago. The deluge ruined a promising drawing on which he was at work, and after failing to stop the leak with court-plaster he sent for a plumber. This worthy proved to have the weakness of his craft for a job of length, and operations lingered.

A friend met Mr. Kemble in New York a week later and asked him when he expected to be able to occupy his studio again.

"Never," replied the artist in a dolorous key; "never. The plumber came Monday and stayed three hours. Tuesday he came

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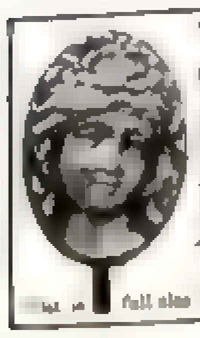

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and put in two hours Yesterday he was with us one hour. This morning he turned up, flirted with the cook fifteen minutes, ate a piece of pie, hit the pipes two cracks with a monkey-wrench and went away."

"But there are still to-morrow and Saturday," protested the friend.

"To-morrow," returned Mr. Kemble with set jaws, "that plumber will telephone. Saturday he will stay at home in bed and think about us."

A Speaking Acquaintance

A FRIEND who was calling on Miss Carolyn Wells at her home in New Jersey happened to mention some people who lived farther down the same street.

"Are you acquainted with the family?" asked the visitor.

"Y-yes," answered Miss Wells with a touch of hesitancy in her voice: "that is, I speak to the dog every morning when I go by."

The Unprofitable Brother

FRANK VER BECK, the illustrator, has a brother who is a very successful business man. Among a party of visitors to Mr. Ver Beck's studio, one day recently, was a lady who met him for the first time. In the course of the conversation one of the callers made a reference to this brother.

"Some friends of mine," observed the lady, "know your brother. I believe he is very well-to-do, is he not?"

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Ver Beck sadly, "he is very hard to do. I asked him to lend me five dollars last week, and he had the impertinence to say that when I returned the five I borrowed last summer perhaps he would think about letting me have this one."

Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make

ONE of Hanna's objects in stumping West Virginia in 1902 was to help his friend Senator Scott, who was then making his desperate campaign for reelection.

At noon one day, while Hanna was at dinner, Scott rushed into the dining-room in great excitement and exclaimed: "It's all right, it's all right! Mark has caught on in West Virginny. Four prisoners escaped from the penitentiary at Moundsville last night by sawing the bars for no other reason than to hear him talk at Parkersburg last night."

Investigation showed that Scott had spoken the truth. Four desperadoes in the penitentiary who had heard of the Hanna mass meeting made up their minds to attend the meeting, and at the risk of their lives sawed themselves to freedom. They were pursued by Warden Haddox and seven guards, and after the meeting the prisoners surrendered themselves. "We are satisfied now," said the leader. "Take us back to jail; all we wanted was to hear Hanna talk and see him."

"This beats anything I ever heard," said Hanna after the story was told him. "Say, Scotty," he added with a twinkle in his eyes, "do any prisoners ever break out of jail to hear you talk? I have no doubt that most men would plead guilty to some heinous crime in order to get themselves locked up in jail to escape from your oratorical stunts."

And Senator Scott frowned.

English as She is Writ

A maid in a spirit of pique
Slapped her lover quite hard on the chique;
    But never a word
    Said he, and I've hord
They are going to marry next wique.

Another of whom I have heard
Had a voice as sweet as a beard
    She's a bachelor girl,
    With a low-drooping cirl,
And "Fancy!" 's her favorite weard.

They lived in a very swell suite
On a very extravagant struite;
    The rent was so high
    That hard as they'd trigh
They couldn't make both ends muite.

A cook who had many receipts
For cooking fish, poultry and beipts,
    Exclaimed in surprise
    When asked to make pise
"I wasn't engaged to cook sweipts."

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MCor-197.—Correspondent who is thoroughly [illegible] Minnesota [illegible] Salary, $[illegible]

ASu-11025.—Superintendent of concern manufacturing [illegible] scrapers, steel wheelbarrows, etc. [illegible] Salary, $1800.

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PS-368.—Experienced perfumery salesman to travel all over United States. Salary, $[illegible]

ZAd-95.—Man to direct advertising of large engineering company. Location, Cleveland. Salary, $[illegible]

AS-12116.—Experienced salesmen to travel for lithograph house. Salary, $[illegible]

ABu-12166.—[illegible] department store. [illegible] Salary, $[illegible]-$4000.

ACr-12319.—Credit man [illegible] manage large office. Location, New York. Salary, $[illegible]

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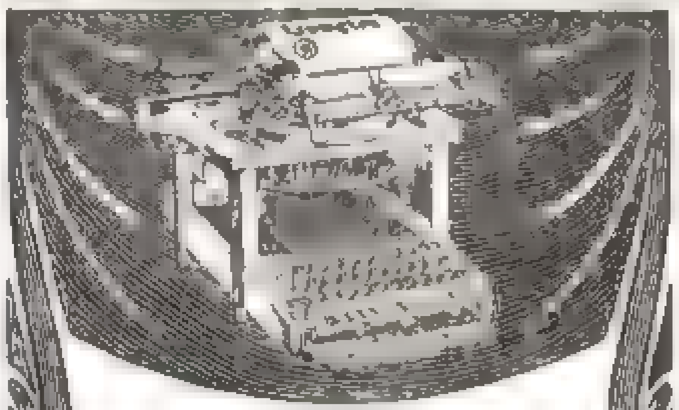

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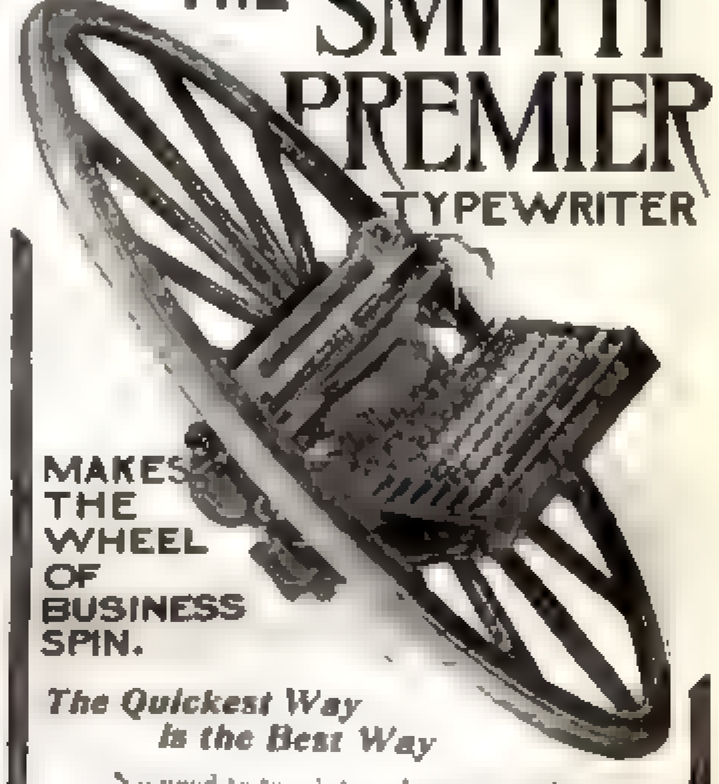

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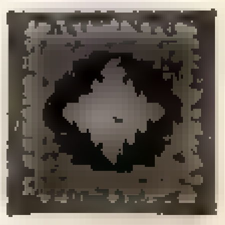

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The Fountain of Youth

(Concluded from Page 7)

camp, crouched and tur'ble, a gun in each hand . . . and there was the United States army and there was the sleepin' Percy, face to face.'

"'What . . . !' says the lieutenant, falling back ten foot. 'What . . . !' says he, falling back twenty feet and losin' his voice. 'What . . . !' says he, gatherin' himself, 'what is this?'

"And then I come out of the cave and rolled on the ground.

"The lieutenant walked over and patted me on the back with a rifle-butt.

"'What d'ye mean, you s-c-c-coundrel!' he says. 'Stop that laughing or I'll shoot the pair of you!'

"I come to quick when I heard that. 'Look a' here, young feller,' I says, 'you can beat me as much as you feel like, but if you make a crooked play at Percy I'll wrap you up in your diploma and send you home to your ma.'

"It just happened their half-breed scout knew me.

"'I wouldn't rile Mr. Scraggs, Lieutenant,' says he; 'it's bad luck.'

"Of course there was more talk, but the lieutenant was a good enough kid, and when he see all the boys laughin' he give in and smiled himself.

"'Well, you long-legged statue of melancholy,' says he, 'I suppose I'll have to let it go, but I'll shoot you, sure as there is shootin', if you ever play a trick like that on me again. What kind of a fool are you to stay here in the middle of an outbreak, anyhow? Now wake up your friend and come with us.'

"'Thanky,' says I; 'but hold—is the road safe to town?'

"'Sure; we've cleaned 'em, all but one bunch.'

"'Well,' says I, 'then Percy and me'll just amble back together the way we come. I don't want him to know nothing about any trouble.'

"After chewin' for a while he consented, and away went the army.

"So bimeby Percy woke up and said he'd had a nice nap and felt refreshed and—um—invigorated, and him and me went back to town, and he never suspicioned there'd been an Injun risin', soldiers nor nothin'. I have felt like offering one hundred dollars reward to the person who'd produce something that Percy would suspect. And whenever I think of that my spirits lift to that extent I could almost go out and get married again.

"And this here ticker I set great store by, because it come from Percy and says inside of it, 'To E. G. Washington Scraggs, in memory of our beautiful friendship, from Percival Mervin'—and that to a tough old Mormon like me! Well, he was one darned nice little man."

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"Yep," answered the woman.

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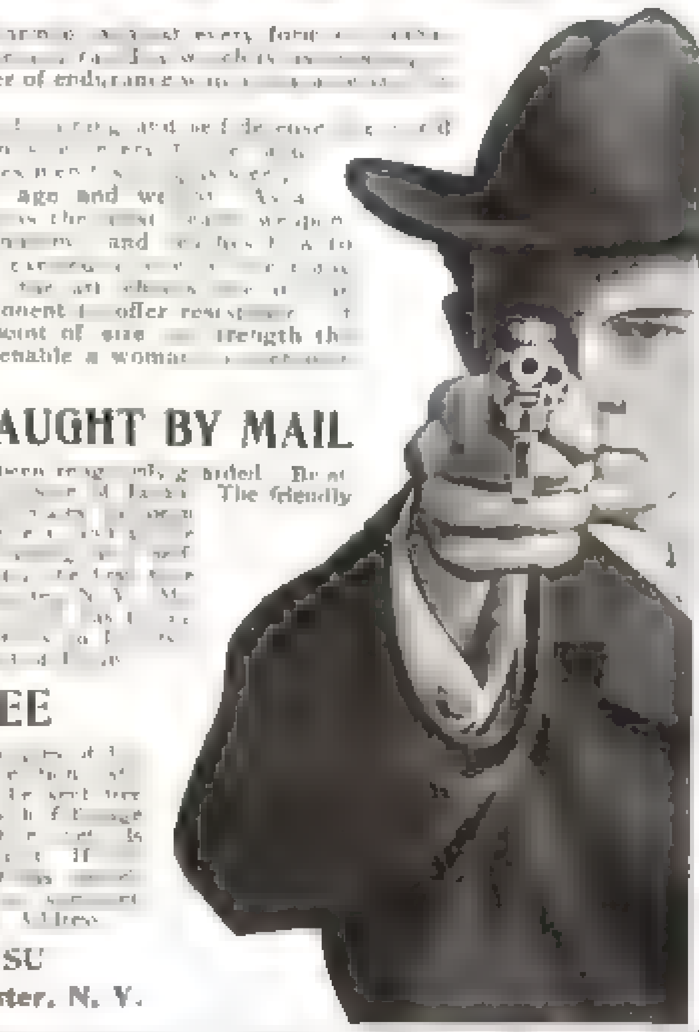

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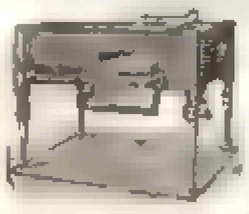

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The Enchanted Hat

(Continued from Page 11)

of dread and weariness on her face, and I with the Frenchman's hat grasped firmly in my hand and my brows scowling. If I hadn't been in love it would have been a fine comedy. Once I surprised her looking toward the corner table near the orchestra. How many joyous Sunday dinners we had had there! Heigho!

"Is that he?" she whispered, clutching my arm of a sudden, her gaze directed to a near-by table.

I looked and shook my head.

"No; my Frenchman had a mustache and a goatee."

Her hand dropped listlessly. I confess to the thought that it must have been very trying for her. What a plucky girl she was! She held me in contempt, and yet she clung to me, patiently and unmurmuring. And I had lost her!

"We may have to go downtown . . . No! as I live, there he is now!"

"Where?" There was half a sob in her throat.

"The table by the short flight of stairs . . . the man just lighting the cigarette. I'll go alone."

"But I cannot stand here alone in the middle of the floor. . . ."

I called a waiter. "Give this lady a chair for a moment;" and I dropped a coin in his palm. He bowed, and beckoned for her to follow. . . . Women are always writing fool things, and then moving Heaven and earth to recall them.

"M. de Beausire?" I said.

Beausire glanced up.

"Oh, eet ees . . . I forget zee name?"

I told him.

"I am delight'!" he cried joyfully, as if he had known me all my life. "Zee chair, be seat."

"Thank you, but it's about the hats," I explained.

"Hats?"

"Yes. It seems that the hat I gave you belonged to another man. In your haste you did not notice the mistake. *This* is your hat," producing the shining tile.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he gasped, seizing the hat; "eet *ees* mine! See! I bring heem from France; zee *nom* ees mine. V'la! And I nevaire look in zee uzzer hat! I am *pairfickly* dumfound'!" And his astonishment was genuine.

"Where is the other hat: the one I gave you?" I was in a great hurry.

"I have heem here," reaching to the vacant chair at his side, while the French consul eyed us both with some suspicion. We *might* be lunatics. Beausire handed me the benevolent old gentleman's hat, and the burden dropped from my shoulders. "Eet ees *such* a meestake! I laugh; eh?" He shook with merriment. "I wear *two* hats and not know zee meestake!"

I thanked him and made off as gracefully as I could. The girl rose as she saw me returning. When I reached her side she was standing with her slender body inclined toward me. She stretched forth a hand, and solemnly I gave her Mr. Chittenden's hat. I wondered vaguely if anybody was looking at us, and, if so, what they thought of us.

The girl pulled the hat literally inside out in her eagerness; but her gloved fingers trembled so that the precious letter fluttered to the floor. We both stooped, but I was quickest. It was no attempt on my part to see the address; my act was one of common politeness. But I could not help seeing the name. It was my own!

"Give it to me!" she cried breathlessly.

I did so. I was not, at that particular moment, capable of doing anything else. I was too bewildered. My own name! She turned, hugging the hat, the legal documents and the letter, and hurried down the main stairs, I at her heels.

"Tell the driver my address; I can return alone."

"I cannot permit that," I objected decidedly. "The driver is a stranger to us both. I insist on seeing you to the door; after that you may rest assured that I shall no longer inflict upon you my presence, odious as it doubtless is to you."

As she was already in the cab and could not get out without aid, I climbed in beside her and called the street and number to the driver.

"Legally the letter is mine; it is addressed to me, and had passed out of your keeping."

"You shall never, never have it!" vehemently

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"The right of a man who loves you. There, it is out, and my pride has gone down the wind. After to-night I shall trouble you no further. But every man has the right to tell one woman that he loves her; and I love you. I loved you the moment I first laid eyes on you. I couldn't help it. I say this to you now because I perceive how futile it is. What dreams I have conjured up about you! Poor fool! When I was at work your face was always crossing the page or peering up from the margins. I never saw a fine painting that I did not think of you, or heard a fine piece of music that I did not think of your voice."

There was a long interval of silence; block after block went by. I never once looked at her.

"If I had been rich I should have put it to the touch some time ago; but my poverty seems to have been fortunate; it has saved me a refusal. In some way I have mortally offended you; how I cannot imagine. It cannot be simply because I innocently broke an engagement."

Then she spoke.

"You dined after the theatre that night with a comic-opera singer. You were quite at liberty to do so, only you might have done me the honor to notify me that you had made your choice of entertainment."

So it was out! Decidedly it was all over now. I never could explain away the mistake.

"I have already explained to you my unfortunate mistake. There was and is no harm that I can see in dining with a woman of her attainments. But I shall put up no defense. You have convicted me. I retract nothing I have said. I *do* love you."

I was very sorry for myself.

Cabby drew up. I alighted, and she silently permitted me to assist her down. I expected her immediately to mount the steps. Instead, she hesitated, the knuckle of a forefinger against her lips, and assumed the thoughtful pose of one who contemplates two courses. I waited patiently.

"Have you a stamp?" she asked finally.

"A stamp?" blankly.

"Yes; a postage-stamp."

I fumbled in my pocket and found, luckily, a single pink square, which I gave to her. She moistened it with the tip of her tongue and . . . stuck it on the letter!

"Now, please, drop this in the corner box for me, and take this hat over to Mr. Chittenden's — Sixty-ninth."

"What——"

"Do as I say, or I shall ask you to return the letter to me."

I rushed off toward the letter-box, drew down the lid, and deposited the letter — my letter. When I turned she was running up the steps, and a second later she had disappeared.

I hadn't been so happy in all my life!

Cabby waited at the curb.

Suddenly I became conscious that I was holding something in my hand. It was the benevolent old gentleman's stovepipe hat!

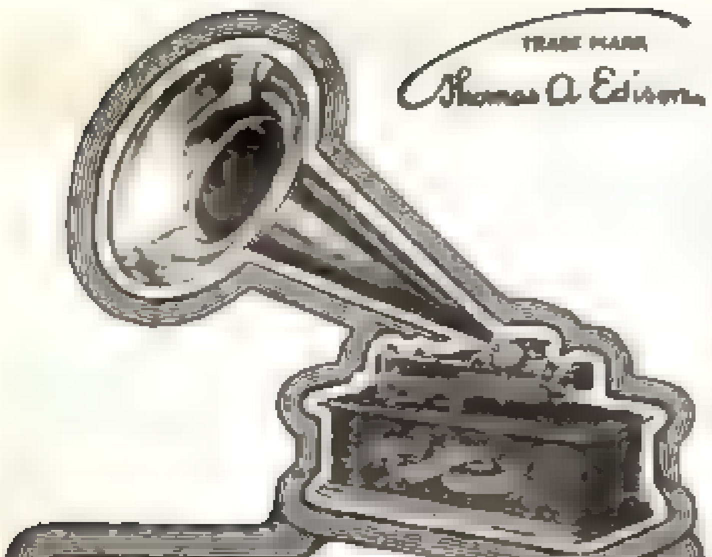
I pushed the button; pushed it good and hard. Presently I heard a window open cautiously.

"What is it?" asked a querulous voice.

"Mr. Chittenden?"

"Yes."

"Well, here's your hat!" I cried.



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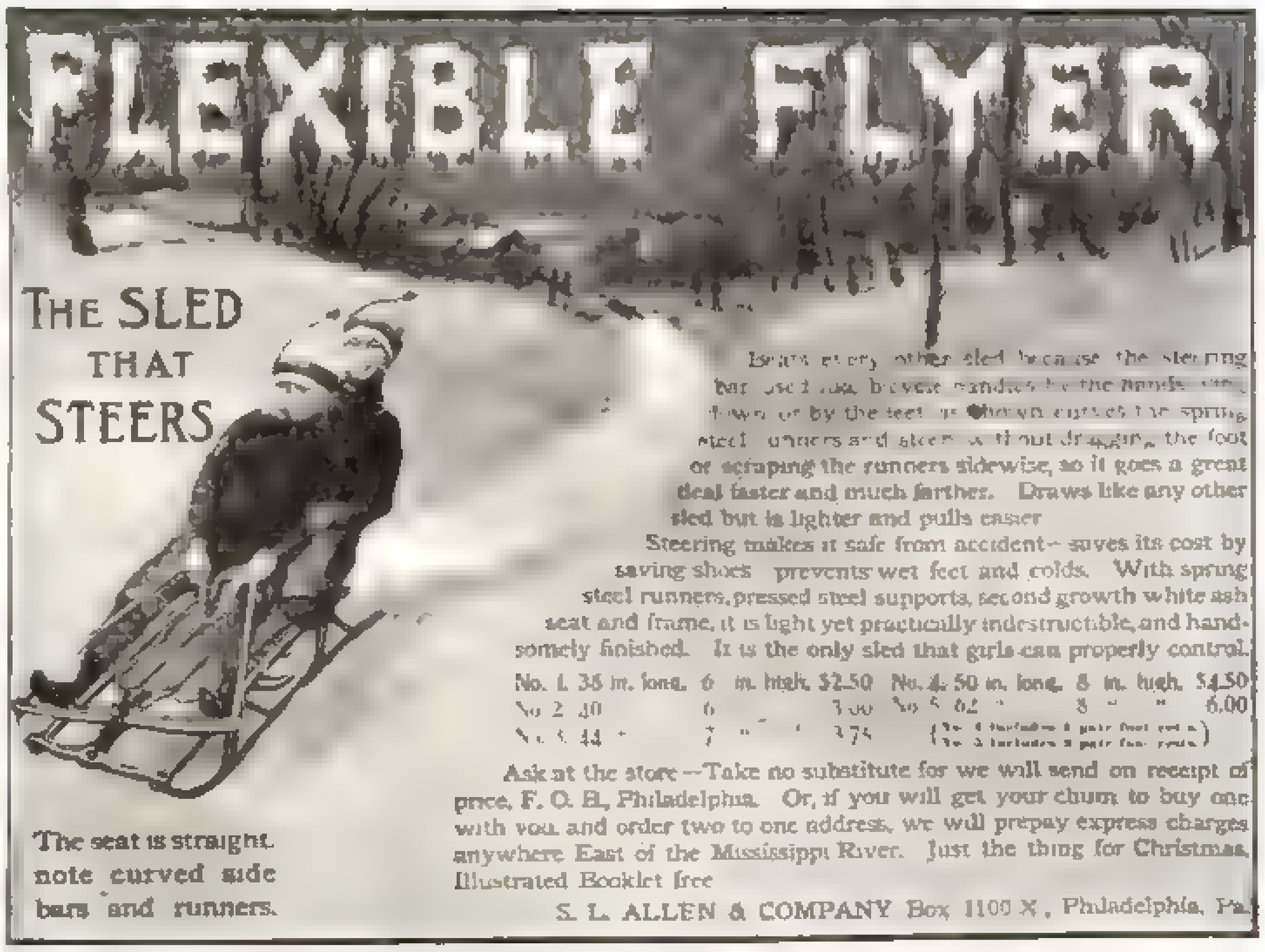

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Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 5)

Lady Gerardine turned over the sheet with a languid finger. It was scored with beautifully regular copperplate writing, which presented certainly no difficulty to the decipherer. Baby, whose young interest was more easily aroused, craned her neck to see also, and read aloud the opening phrase in a mock declamatory style:

> Huzur: By your Honour's Gracious Permission, your devoted servant Muhammed Saif-u-din. Will your Magnificence so condescend to my nothingness as to permit your Heaven-illumined eyes to rest upon this unworthy document....

"Oh, Runkle, that's even finer than your phrase. Hadn't you better pass it on to Macdonald? You must let him have a finger in your pie—your monumental pie!"

Sir Arthur smiled with his benevolent air. He drew a second letter from his pocket.

"Another agreeable piece of news," said he; "Lady Aspasia is quite ready to give us ten days or a fortnight after her visit to Calcutta."

"Lady Aspasia!" cried Baby; "do you mean the horrid woman that went and had a name like that to make me a laughing-stock all my life?"

"Lady Aspasia, your own cousin, and the most agreeable woman I have ever met," rebuked Sir Arthur. "With one exception, of course," added the gallant gentleman, bowing toward his wife. "You ought to be very proud, dear child," he went on, addressing his recalcitrant niece, "not only of your connection with a noble house, but also to bear a name which is, perhaps, unique. Had we had a daughter, Rosamond, my love, I could not have allowed her to be christened otherwise. Dear me," he went on, now throwing his remarks into space and inflating his chest with the breath of sentimental reminiscence, "dear Aspasia, what a fine creature she was; and how much in love with her I used to be in my salad days. You're not jealous, dear," he cried suddenly, struck by his wife's abstraction.

"Jealous?" she echoed with a start. Her gaze was really pathetic as she raised it to his face; and Sir Arthur, satisfied that she had undoubtedly felt a little hurt by his reminiscence, smiled sympathetically, and once more considerately selected another topic.

"By the way," he said, knocking the ash off his cheroot with a squat nail pared and polished to the last possible point of symmetry, "I met quite an interesting fellow just now. He tells me he has already called on you. Bethune his name is—Major Bethune, of the Guides. I asked him to dine to-night. I knew you would like me to show him some attention. You must know all about him, my love; he went through all that unfortunate business with your poor husband. I knew," repeated the Lieutenant-Governor, with a most intimate smile of self-approbation, "I knew that you would like me to show him some attention."

Baby, leaning against her aunt's pliant form, felt it suddenly stiffen into rigidity. But the needle poised in Lady Gerardine's fingers did not tremble; it hovered for a hardly perceptible moment, then resumed its languid course. Sir Arthur, after waiting for the expected tribute, threw down the stump of his cigar and looked round in surprise.

"I always wish to do the right thing about any friend of poor English," he insisted. "And Bethune was flattered, of course, immensely flattered at my asking him. I knew it would please you, my dear Rosamond."

Lady Gerardine finished the lilac petal, cut her silk, folded her work, and then, only, raised her eyes.

"Thank you," she said gently; "you are always kindness itself."

Those eyes of hers were so dark and encircled in her pale face that the affectionate husband was solicitously moved.

"You look tired, my love," he said, hoisting himself out of his lounge to approach her. "I trust you have not got a chill; I think we had better all adjourn. You must lie down an hour before dinner."

Lady Gerardine rose and stood, looking out across the still garden falling in terraces to the river edge, beyond the flaming masses of poinsettia, the heavy-headed babul and the starred wide-flung hibiscus toward the far-off hills, mauve and amethyst hued against a sky of translucent sapphire.

"I must go and say good-by to my banyan trees," she said almost as if speaking to herself.

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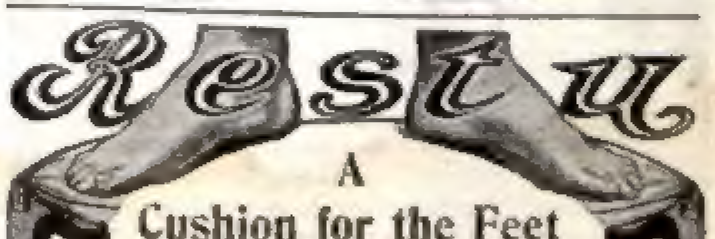

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Sir Arthur was horrified at the mere suggestion. Down into the lower garden, at the moment when the mists were rising! He would not hear of such a thing. And she was not looking well. He took her face by the chin and turned it to the sunset light. Even in that warm glow it showed wan; and the lids she dropped between her eyes and his gaze were bruised and shadowed, faintly purple, like the petals of wood violets.

"I'll have to ask Saunders to look at you," said the Governor. "I hope and trust that you have not been so foolish as to throw off your vests again!" He slipped two fingers under the lace of her diaphanous blouse to satisfy himself. "I cannot afford to have you ill, dear," he wound up caressingly. "Now, I'll just tell Jani to measure you a couple of grains of quinine before you lie down."

Benevolent, consequential, he hurried indoors. Rosamond stood yet a moment looking at the sky. Baby, a thousand shades of exasperation and scorn upon her expressive countenance, now melted all into tenderness.

"If ever there was a woman killed by kindness," she exclaimed, "it is you, poor Aunt Rosamond!" And flinging her arms around the still figure: "Oh, darling," she whispered, with the wail of an ever-renewed complaint, "why do you always, always give in?"

Lady Gerardine gently disengaged herself, bringing her eyes back from the distant loveliness with a perceptible effort.

"Oh, Baby," she said in a tone of melancholy mockery, "when you have lived as long as I have you will see how much simpler it is."

She trailed away obediently to seek quinine and couch. Aspasia kicked over the work-basket as a relief, summoning a couple of supple Hindus to repair the damage; and, feeling that the balance of things was slightly reëstablished, she took her way, also, into the palace, to select her attire for the evening.

In spite of her ruffled sensations she was smiling to herself as she went, and the dimples were very deep in the pink cheeks. Something was singing in her heart — a soft, pleasant little song: that it was good not to have lived long yet, and to have everything still before one; and that she was glad that the man with the light eyes and brown face was not going to drift out of her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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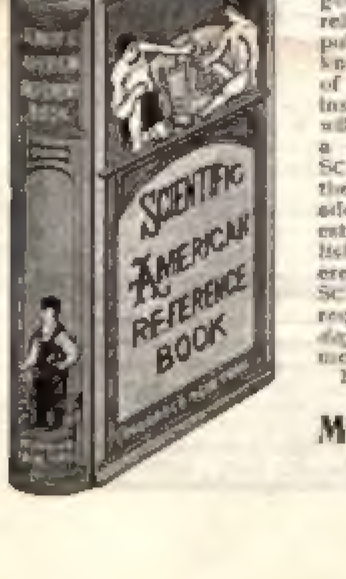

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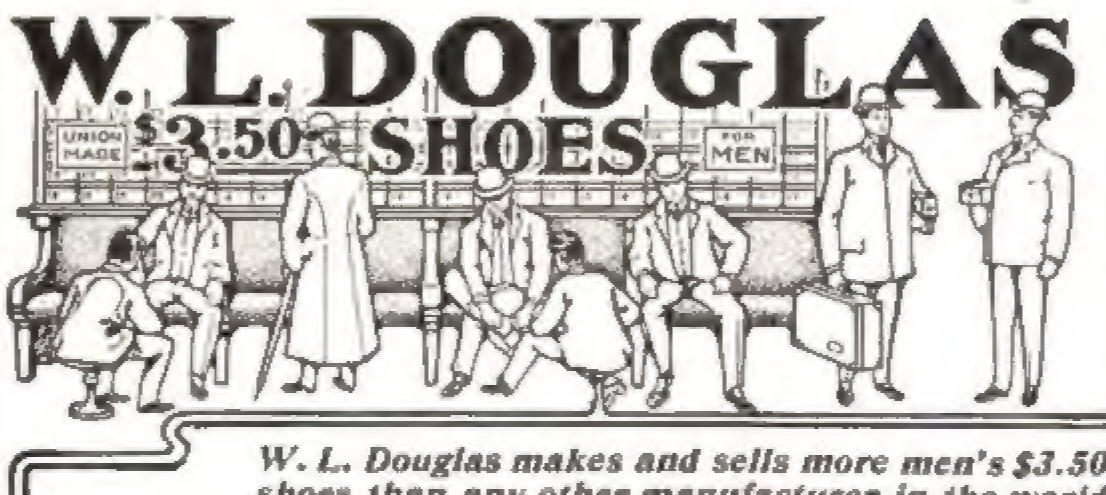

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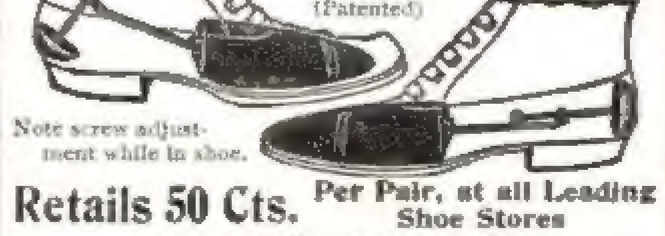

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To the Man Who Wants to Buy | To the Man Who Wants to Sell

The magnitude of my business enables me to offer you various advantages which few other real estate brokers can possibly offer.

Some one or more of these several advantages may enable me to save you some money.

No matter where you are, or in what part of the country you want a property, I can serve you.

It makes no difference whether you want a $100 building lot, or a $10,000 farm, or $500,000 tract of coal land, or any other kind of real estate, I want to hear from you.

You will get the best possible service regardless of the size of the transaction.

Just the property you want may be on my list.

It may be on the list of some one of the hundreds of real estate brokers in all parts of the country, with whom I keep in touch.

In any event, I may find it and save money for you.

I am not only in a position to most advantageously serve the man who wants to buy a house or a farm, but I am in the best possible position to serve the man who wants to make a profitable investment.

Now, while you have the matter in mind, write and let me know what you have to sell *and how much money you want for it*. Or, instead of writing a letter, simply fill out and sign the blank at the bottom of this advertisement.

If your property (no matter in what city or state or territory it is located, or whether it is worth $500 or $500,000) is desirable, and the price fair, I would like to submit a plan (free) for selling it.

The plan will interest you even if you have no idea of ever placing the property in my hands.

If I can sell your real estate for a better price, and as quickly, as any other broker, you certainly want to know how and why.

Years of the most active kind of experience, offices in fourteen cities, hundreds of representatives throughout the country, and an annual expenditure of more than $100,000 in advertising, enable me to handle real estate transactions very expeditiously.

National bank, mercantile agency, corporation, and individual references gladly furnished.

Send coupon *to-day*, giving *description and price* of the property you want to sell.

A. F. 468 — Large Pacific Coast resort property near Santa Barbara, Cal. Main building contains 30 bed rooms; all modern conveniences; 14 modern cottages, one to six rooms each; 10 acres, with ocean frontage and fine beach; grounds attractively laid out with valuable plants, shrubs and palms; bath house with 28 sections supplied with hot water from a central plant. Sun parlor over bath house. Capacity 65 to 75 guests; enjoys regular patronage in excess of accommodations. R. R. Station on grounds; fine investment. $225,000. Terms to suit purchaser. Present owner wishes to retire.

1636 — Good substantial house, 2 tenements, 5 rooms each, Springfield, Mass. Furnace in cellar; washroom with set tubs and cold storage room. Price right—send for full particulars. An exceptional investment.

F. 577 — Fine nursery and seed plantation, 700 acres, with 1½ miles frontage on Rappahannock River, Lancaster Co., Va. 407 acres under cultivation; adapted to fruit and truck; 290 acres timber; river well stocked with oysters and fish and surface covered with large flocks of ducks and geese; excellent location for canning factory; large brick house, tenant house, barns, etc. $22,000.

If You Want to BUY, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-day

W. M. OSTRANDER, ... *1904*

384 North American Building, Philadelphia.

With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property..

Size............................ *State*............................

City or County or part of State preferred............................

The price must be between $............................ *and $*............

I will pay............................ *down, and the balance*............

Name..

Address..

If You Want to SELL, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-day

W. M. OSTRANDER, ... *1904*

384 North American Building, Philadelphia.

Please send without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of..

in the town or city of..

County of............................ *and State of*............................

and which I desire to sell for $..

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property............................

....

Name..

Address..

Thousands of my clients have endorsed my methods. Here are samples of recent letters from the North, East, South and West

WISCONSIN

I have the pleasure of acknowledging your check for $1268.00, in settlement for the Jackson County, Wis., land, sale of which you have just completed. Your efforts have been entirely satisfactory to me, particularly as the land was only recently placed in your hands.

HENRY GRIFFETH,
Shandaken, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY

We have received the check in full payment for our New Jersey property. It is a remarkable fact that this property has been on the market and in the hands of various agents for more than twenty years, and your success in making a cash sale in a short time is proof to us that you are the only agent who ever made a real effort to dispose of it. Your methods are up-to-date. MR. & MRS.

O. C. WHITTEMORE,
Athol, Mass.

SOUTH CAROLINA

The prompt and efficient manner in which you handled the sale of my North Carolina farm was in every way satisfactory, and I feel that I did well in engaging your services for the work.

If you give all of your clients the same kind of service that you did me, you should have on your books a number of well pleased correspondents.

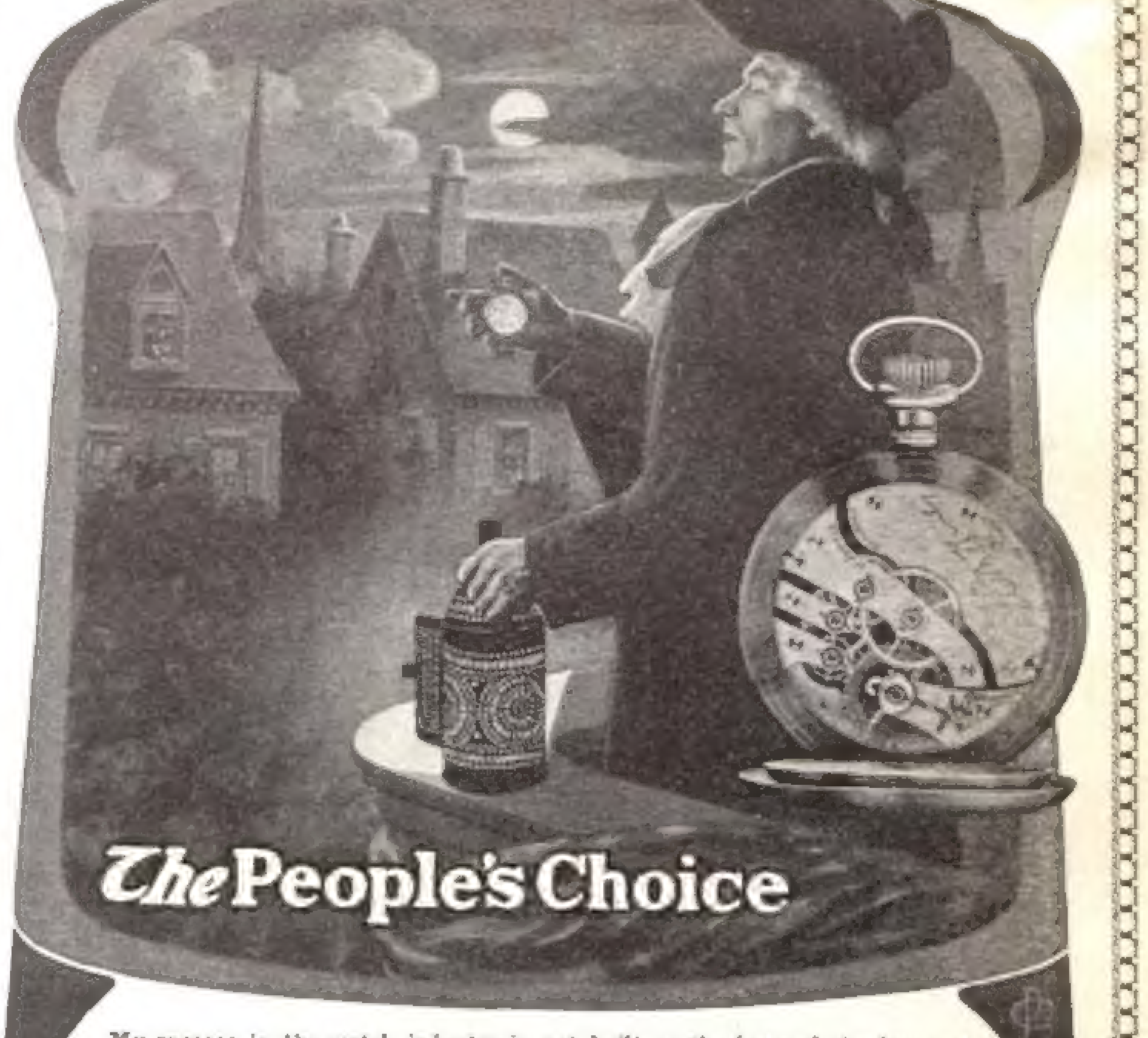
E. H. STAFFORD,
Cheraw, S. C.

CALIFORNIA

Find enclosed check for $407.00 in full payment of balance of your commission on the sale of my timber lands in this place. I must say, at this long distance, it is certainly wonderful how you are able to find the parties who wish to purchase. I never more willingly paid for services than I do in this case. I wish you all the success which you so richly deserve.

C. P. HIGGINS,
Monroe, Cal.

W. M. OSTRANDER, 384 North American Bldg. PHILADELPHIA



My success in the watch industry is not built on the favor of the few, but on the approval of the great body of American people who can afford to buy a GOOD watch at a fair price. I have appealed to them for forty years on the principles of honest workmanship and honest methods in every detail of the making and selling of the "ACCURATE TO THE SECOND"

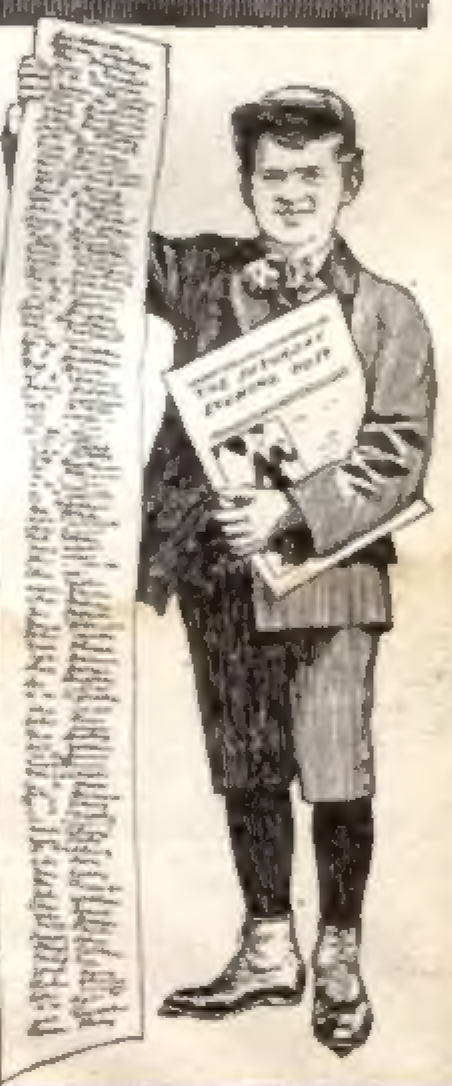
Dueber Hampden Watch

It is the people's choice. The verdict is substantially shown in the great watch works at Canton, Ohio — the only works where a complete watch, case and movement, is made under one management. Before you buy a watch send for my booklet, "Light from the Watchman." It tells, for the first time, the true history of Watch making in America. Address Dept. C, Canton, Ohio.

The Watchman

This Boy won a $25.00 Prize selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

YOU can do the same



THIS is the "Champion Boy" of the State of Washington. His name is Harry Ireland. The smile on his face is due to the fact that he had in his pocket a check for $25 from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THIS $25 is in addition to the regular commission he receives week after week for selling THE POST.

HARRY is a hustler. The long strip of paper he holds in his hand is covered with closely written signatures of people who have instructed him to deliver THE POST for four consecutive weeks.

HE PERSUADED several prominent business men to sign at the top of the sheet and their names influenced others to sign until the list became longer than he is tall.

THIS is one of the many ways we have suggested to help boys to sell THE POST. It makes the work so easy that thousands of boys have taken it up. Some are making $10 to $15 a week after school hours.

YOU can start in this business, at once, without capital. Send us your name and we will forward 10 free copies, which you can sell at five cents each. This will supply capital for the next week's order.

$250 IN CASH TO BOYS Who Do Good Work NEXT MONTH

The Curtis Publishing Company, 225 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Baking day trials
turn to pleasure
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

When GOLD MEDAL fills the measure - a superior quality of baking and a greater quantity is always the result. GOLD MEDAL is made of the finest selected wheat, so milled that the gluten and germ of the grain are retained, giving whatever is baked from it a satisfying, nourishing flavor unknown to improperly milled flour.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

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